

# Dolls of Many Lands: Doll Stories



Mary Hazelton Wade



# DOLLS OF MANY LANDS

*DOLL STORIES*

BY  
MARY HAZELTON WADE

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY JOSEPHINE BRUCE*



W. A. WILDE COMPANY

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CHICAGO

DOLLS OF  
MANY LANDS

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**DOLLS OF MANY LANDS**



**Made in United States of America**







## PREFACE

**W**HEREVER we may travel, north, south, east, or west, we find child life the same. Little folks, the world over, have their greatest delight in enacting the doings of their elders. The imagination of girls is aided by the dolls they love and cherish, whether these be bits of rag, or the costly products of expert workmen. So long as there is something tangible to furnish a basis for the play of their fancy they are content, for their lively minds easily supply the rest.

At the same time that the little folks take pleasure in imitating what they see in their own immediate circle of observation, they are eager to learn what children are doing in other lands and in different environments. "I want to know" is the constant, though unspoken, cry of the heart.

"Dolls of Many Lands" has been written with this idea in mind; as well as with the thought that the



varied life presented to the young reader will stimulate a natural affection for all others in the world, rich and poor, the ignorant savage and the child of culture. The artificial barriers separating the members of the one great world family are broken down at the most important, as well as the most susceptible period of life.



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# DOLLS OF MANY LANDS

## I

### PLUM BLOOM, THE JAPANESE DOLL

**I** AM a beautiful Japanese doll, and my name is Plum Bloom. My little mistress, Kono, is the dearest of mothers to me, and loves me very tenderly. When she first saw me, she pressed her hands together softly in delight, and her eyes shone like the sunbeams.

“Just like mine,” she declared, as she touched the wig that I was wearing, and in which the hair was coiled smooth and straight around the head. But when she examined the box where I lay and found four other wigs, she was so pleased, that if she had been an American child, she would have shouted for joy.

“Five doll babies in one,” she said, drawing in her breath with delight. “Sometimes, when she wears the wig she now has on, she can be my little play sister. But when I am tired of that, I can easily

change her into a young lady, or a mother doll. Then again, with this wig of gray hair and with ornaments such as old ladies wear placed in it, she can be a grandmother. Oh! and with this last wig, I can make her a nursemaid for the baby doll which my mother gave to me last New Year's."

My eyes are black and slant just a little, like the real Japanese, and my face is creamy yellow, with tints of roses in the cheeks. My lips are small and everyone enjoys kissing them, for they are like coral, and the paint will not rub off, even when they are wet.

Of course I can't cry, as white children's dolls sometimes do, but why should I? My mistress never cries; nor does her baby sister. They are always happy, and their parents are most kind and tender. Never is a cross word spoken in the house.

There is no reason for crying in this beautiful world, so it would be very foolish to put a crying-box into a doll, just to teach its owner how to make disagreeable sounds that would cause the water to run out of her eyes and spoil her pretty face.

"What shall I call my darling?" my little mistress asked her mother soon after my arrival.

"Let me think for a minute," was the answer. The gentle lady, who seems a good deal like a child

herself, closed her eyes, and hid her hands in the big sleeve of her silk kimono.

"Ah! now I have it," she said. "My treasured daughter, is it not the season when the plum trees are laden the most beautiful? Even now the flowers are opening. Let us call your doll Plum Bloom. Then, of course, she must have a kimono to suit her name.

"Why, even now, I have some delicate crêpe in that lacquered box beside you. The crêpe is covered with sprays of plum blossoms. I will use it for the new robe."

"Most honorable mother, my new doll may then go with us to the Festival of the Plum Tree, may she not?" asked Kono, who was still holding me close to her heart.

"Yes, my beloved child," was the answer. Then the mother went away to arrange some flowers, while Kono tried on one after another of my wigs.

At last she put on my child wig again and looking at me lovingly, whispered:

"Little Plum Bloom, I like you best so. Sometimes I will change you into older people, but, generally, you shall be my play sister and as a little girl you shall go about with me."

After that she took from the box which contained my outfit a strap with which to bind me upon her back. When I was fastened in my place there, she laughed merrily.

"Just as though I were a poor child and had to carry my little sister about when at play," she cried. "But I am rich, Plum Bloom; yes, my father has great wealth, and my mother has a nursemaid for the baby. So I am never asked to do any work as poor children are."

As I lay comfortably stretched on Kono's back, my eyes looked out upon a very beautiful room. Screens, covered with pictures of birds and flowers, stood here and there, and on a stand in one corner was a vase of flowers which filled the air with sweet odors.

Perhaps my little mistress was getting hungry, for after she had walked about with me for a few minutes, she said, "Plum Bloom, let us have something to eat."

With these words she went over to a corner of the room to a lacquered cabinet behind one of the screens. She opened one of the drawers, and lo! inside of it were all the things needed for a doll's tea party. There were dainty, covered tea-cups just like



those the real folks of Japan use, only tiny, so very tiny! There was a little table, the very copy of the one at which my little mistress sits with her parents when they eat their meals, and there were pretty flowered plates and ivory chopsticks; there was a bowl for rice and the dearest little silver spoon. Of course, there was a pot for saké, the sweet, white wine of which everyone in Japan is so fond. Then, too, there was a tray on which to set the dishes; it would not do to put them on the table, for they might scratch it and spoil its beauty.

Now for the food. Kono went out into the kitchen and the cook filled my bowl with rice, placed a bit of raw fish on one of the plates, and some cake on the other. With these dainties on her tray, my little mistress came back with me to prepare the feast.

When the table was arranged, I was taken down from Kono's back, and bending my knees, she set me down at my place. Then she knelt beside me. Of course I was n't hungry, — dolls never are, — but she pretended that I was, and using chopsticks, she brought the rice and fish to my lips again and again. So graceful was she that not a single grain was dropped.

"There! are you satisfied, Plum Bloom?" she

asked at last. Then, and not till then, did she eat herself. She did not hurry in her eating, for such is not the way with the dainty Japanese. When the last crumb had been swallowed, Kono wiped her mouth with the dainty paper napkin that lay beside my plate, and sighed with content.

As she got up from the table she pushed me over by accident, but I was not hurt in the least. How different it would have been if I had been perched high up in one of those things that Americans call chairs! Then a tumble might have broken one of my legs or arms and spoiled my beauty forever. But the Japanese like comfort far too much to have such ugly furniture for themselves, or even for their children's dolls.

"Now for a nice nap, my precious Plum Bloom," said my little mistress, after begging me to excuse her for her rudeness in tipping me over.

She went once more to the cabinet where she kept her playthings and took out two small silk quilts, and a wooden head-rest.

She looked at this last. "Just the right size for Plum Bloom," she cried, as she laid my neck into the hollowed part in the center. Then she spread one of the quilts on the floor, making a soft little bed.

“But you must first have a bath, dolly dear,” she now said. “It would be very bad in me to put you to bed without that. Very bad, indeed!”

With these words Kono brought a doll’s charcoal brazier, and placing it beside the bed, pretended to light the coals and heat some water. A bathing pan was also brought out; then my wig and sandals were taken off, and both the inner and outer kimono.

Kono looked at me carefully. “I’ll only *pretend* to put you into the water,” she decided. “For it might hurt the paint.”

She lay me in the empty bathing pan for a moment; then taking me out and rubbing me carefully and tenderly, she put on one of my kimonos, and I was ready for bed. How soft and comfortable it was! The second coverlet was spread over me, and my little mistress, sitting by my side, sang a sweet lullaby.

It is a fine thing to be a Japanese doll, for one is sure to be well treated. No knocks, no hard words, no spankings! The children do not seem to know how to speak cruelly, for they never hear unkind words from others; and as for a whipping, the very idea is shocking to them. Yes, it is the nicest thing in the world to be a doll in Japan.

Kono must have left me in my bed for a long

time, for when she came back, her mother was with her, in whose hands was the prettiest kimono possible. Tiny sprays of plum blossoms were scattered all over it on the pretty yellow silk.

When my little mistress examined the sleeves, she laughed, showing her pearly white teeth.

"Most adorable mother," she cried, "how kind you have been to make this beautiful robe! The sleeves are perfect, too. They are so big that they can hold my paper dolls when Plum Bloom and I are tired of playing with them. I can tuck them inside of these sleeves just as I often put them away in my own."

The good lady looked as happy as her little daughter.

"See the red skirt that I have made also, my adorable child," she said. "When Plum Bloom is a little girl or a young lady, she must wear this, but when she is a mamma or a grandmother doll, of course, she will wear more sober colors."

"And the sash, most honored mother," replied Kono. "Please watch me while I dress Plum Bloom, and see if I arrange it well."

"There!" she said, holding me out before her. "Plum Bloom is certainly very beautiful."



"But something is still lacking," remarked her mother thoughtfully. "She must have handkerchiefs, and a case in which to carry them."

"Oh! and, most honored mother, if only our family crest were embroidered on the back of her kimono, as it is on mine."

The lady laughed. "Sometime, perhaps, it shall be done," was her answer. "But for the present, my little daughter, we must be satisfied. Come, let us take a walk in the garden. Plum Bloom may go with us."

A few minutes afterwards we found ourselves in the beautiful grounds which stretch for a long distance around Kono's home, for her father is a very rich man, as I have said. There was a wide lawn and a lovely lake, around which trees and plants were growing, and just beyond, a wooded hill. On the banks of the lake stood a summer house, open at the sides to let in the clear air and the sunshine. But the flowers! — here, there, and everywhere they could be seen, — red, white, blue, and yellow; it was the rainbow brought to earth.

The nursemaid, with Kono's baby sister, was already in the garden.

"Goo! goo!" the little one kept saying in the

strange language that babies use all over the world. She was a pretty sight among the flowers, picking them to her heart's delight.

And now, two of Kono's little playmates joined us, and I was put down in the grass near the baby, while the children picked flowers and stuck them in their hair, and played games.

"Let's make pictures," said one of the little girls after a while. "See! I have brought my bags of colored sand with me."

As she spoke, she shook her sleeve and four little bags came tumbling out.

"And I will fetch others," replied Kono. "We will go to the sand garden at once."

She picked me up from a little hillock surrounded by blossoming plants,—it was just like a small throne,—and away we went to the sand garden, where a plot of ground had been covered with fine white sand.

Here the children were soon busy, while I, on Kono's back, could peep over her shoulder and watch her at work. Each little girl smoothed out the sand before her in the form of a square.

"Ready now!" said Kono. "Who will be the first one to finish a picture?"

How busily the fingers worked, and how earnest were the faces of the little girls, as slowly they poured out black sand to make the outlines of different figures. One made a man, another a cat, — of course, being a Japanese cat it had no tail. Still another drew a picture of a house.

“I am making a likeness of my darling Plum Bloom,” said Kono; but she kept right on working even while she was talking.

And now the bright-colored sands began to drop, — red, blue and yellow, — filling in the picture that each child was making. It seems that Kono had taken lessons in drawing sand pictures, for, wonderful to tell, she dropped a stream of red and yellow at the same time and so cleverly, that she made the most beautiful orange for the border of my kimono.

The other children stopped for a moment to admire her.

“Oh!” cried one of them, “if only I could do that.”

After this it will readily be seen that Kono’s picture was the best of all, and the first one to be finished, besides.

“Anyone who saw it would know that it was Plum Bloom,” everyone declared. “Why, it is perfect.”

When the children were tired of making sand pictures, — and many of them were very good, — Kono proposed that the whole party should take a little walk and go down to the sweet-stuff shop, to get some sugar-water.

“ I have yens enough to buy some for all of us,” she said. “ Besides, it is fun just to stand and look at the rows of pretty, colored bottles,” she went on.

The little girls nodded their heads, but their soft, dark eyes said: “ It is better still to taste the sweet sugar-water as it runs down our throats.”

O, how merry are these children of Japan! One day after another seems filled with happiness for them. The very evening after I came to Kono, her father brought her home a new toy, — and it was in my honor, too. It was really for me.

“ Think, my precious one, what of all things would you like best for your dolly?” he said to Kono as he entered the house.

He had a large box in his hands, but no one could guess from its appearance what it might have inside. Kono shut her eyes and wrinkled her pretty forehead.

“ A jinrikisha, most honored and beloved father,” she said at last. “ One that is big enough for Plum Bloom to ride in.”



"You have your wish then," was the answer.  
"Look!"

Kono's father now lifted off the cover of the box, and inside was not only a jinrikisha with a seat big enough to hold a doll friend as well as myself, but also a man-doll with bare legs and wearing a long blue blouse.

"A jinrikisha man to draw my dolly! How beautiful!" exclaimed Kono, pressing her tiny hands together in delight.

The jinrikisha was now taken out of the box. I was set up in my place, the long shafts were tied into the man's hands, and everything was ready for a drive.

"Look! Look!" said Kono, as she guided the man-doll over the floor, making him go faster and faster. The two big wheels of the jinrikisha rolled round and round as now the man was made to run. It was enough to make a doll's head grow dizzy, but I was able to keep my place, inasmuch as my little mistress had taken care to strap me in.

Before the ride was over, Kono's mother came in to watch me, as well as the nursemaid with the baby. The mischievous little tot grabbed one of the wheels when no one was looking, and over tumbled the jin-

rikisha, man and all. Fortunately neither the man nor myself was hurt, though my hair was so rumpled that Kono had to do it up fresh before we could play any more.

### THE FESTIVAL OF THE PLUM TREES

Two or three days after I arrived in Kono's home the Festival of the Plum Trees took place. My little mistress's father did not go to business that morning. In fact, all the stores were closed for the day.

Kono and her parents dressed themselves in their best garments, while I wore for the first time my new and beautiful kimono which my little mistress's mother had made for me.

"I feel just as though the day was in honor of my dear dolly," said Kono, "because of the name that I have given her."

Now, since I was a new doll, and had never before looked upon this festival, of course I did not know what was going to happen. We were not to stay at home, — that was certain. Soon after breakfast, two jinrikishas appeared at the door, looking for all the world like my own, except that they were larger. The men also wore only blue blouses and sandals on

their feet, so that they could run as fast and as easily as possible.

Kono, bearing me in her arms, got into one of the jinrikishas with her father. Her mother and the nurse and baby sister entered the other, and away we went. The air was clear, the sun shone brightly, and everyone whom we passed in the narrow streets was smiling happily, and in holiday dress.

Faster and faster flew the men, their brown legs never stopping for an instant. Our driver knocked down a child that was in his way, but not a moment did he tarry. On, on, on we flew, until the city was far behind us, and the green fields of the country were on all sides of us.

And now the plum orchards were in sight, with crowds of people already gathered there.

"How sweet the air smells!" cried Kono.

"But the flowers! the flowers! never did I see the trees look more beautiful before," said her mother, as she tipped back her parasol to get a better look at the orchard.

And now we entered the grounds, and Kono, with me still in her arms, sprang out of the jinrikisha and ran about among the crowd. Her parents followed her.

"There are nine poems on this tree," said Kono's father, as he stopped before one which was beautiful in shape and laden with blossoms. "Listen, Kono."

He took down one poem after another, and read each aloud. The poems told of the beauty of the tree and of the happiness it brought to the people who looked upon it. Or perhaps they expressed lovely thoughts that came to the writer as he looked upon the blossoms.

"I am going to write a poem myself, but it shall be about that tree over there," said Kono, as she motioned toward one a little way off. "And I will speak of my dolly dear who is celebrating the day with us for the first time," she added.

"My little Plum Bloom," she whispered, as she hugged me more closely, "I love you so dearly that it seems almost as though my love could make you alive."

Kono's mother smiled when her little daughter spoke of writing a poem. It seemed to please her very much.

"We will sit down on that bench while our little daughter writes her poem," she told her husband.

"Very good, my adorable little daughter, I am pleased with what you have written. You must be



doing good work in your school," declared her mother, when the poem was finished and read.

After it had been hung on the tree, we wandered about, and while the grown-ups chatted with friends whom they met, Kono played with other little girls whom she knew. Many were the words of praise that the children gave me, and many looks of envy were cast upon my beautiful, flowered gown.

Once Kono whispered to me so low that her playmates could not hear her. "Little Plum Bloom, you are prettier and sweeter than any of my friends' dolls. O, what a happy little girl I am!"

By and by tea and candy venders came along, and the children's parents treated them to these good things. Never, for once, did Kono forget to touch the dainties to my lips before eating them herself. The day passed all too quickly, and when the sunset clouds began to throw their beautiful lights upon the plum orchards, the jinrikisha men appeared to carry us swiftly back to the city and home.

#### A JAPANESE CHRISTMAS

Many are the holidays which Kono's parents celebrate with her, but none do they enjoy any more than the beautiful Christmas time, for they have given up

the old faith of the Japanese, and are lovers of the good Christ, like their friends, the Americans, across the water.

"You shall have a tree, my beloved daughter," her father promised her, and as the great day drew near, Kono was filled with excitement.

"What will Santa Claus bring us?" she kept asking me, but as I was not able to speak, I could, of course, make no answer. Many were the preparations for the good time. An evergreen tree was bought and set up in state, and when Christmas Eve arrived Kono was sent early to bed. She did not learn the reason until afterwards, — that she should not see her parents decorating the tree. They wished her to have a surprise when she beheld it in all its beauty.

It was a surprise, truly! When she stood before it the next morning with me in her arms, she could not speak for joy. From the branches hung make-believe fruits, — yellow, orange, pink and purple. Though they were not what they seemed, yet they were good to eat, for they proved to be the most delicious candies.

Then there were pretty, colored balls of rice paste, and icicles that glittered in the morning light as it streamed in through the windows, — only these were

not real icicles, — for they were tiny chopsticks, with which Kono could afterwards play tea party with her little friends.

“ Oh-h-h,” said my little mistress, as she opened a surprise-shell which her father picked off of the tree and handed to her. The trinket was made of rice paste and shaped like a double scallop shell. It was no wonder that Kono held her breath in delight, for a store of tiny toys came tumbling out. There was a doll an inch long; there were silver pins and gilded flowers for my hair; there was also a fan for me, all gold and rose-colored; and, yes, a make-believe book in which Kono declared she should teach me to read.

Well, this was only the beginning of good things. There was a toy farmyard for Kono's baby sister, with chickens and lambs and ducks; no fearful, horned creatures which American children call cows, however, for they are scarcely known in this beautiful country of Japan. What if cows do furnish a pleasant drink called milk! Kono would certainly never get used to their frightful horns if she should meet a real cow. She would rather go without milk all of her life than have these creatures around.

But to come back to the Christmas tree! One of the nicest presents of all was a tiny kitchen, in which

all sorts of dishes could be found, — a charcoal brazier, a rice pounder, and the neat-looking cook himself, ready to prepare meals at any moment for me, Plum Bloom.

“Look, my precious doll,” said Kono, holding a small box before my eyes. It contained everything that was needed for blackening my teeth.

“When I want you to be a grandmother,” my little mistress went on, “I will put on your gray silk gown, and the wig that belongs to an old woman. And then, Plum Bloom, of course, your teeth must be blackened.”

Then turning to her mother, Kono said: “Most honored and adorable mamma, why don’t you have dark teeth like everyone who lived long ago? My honored grandma keeps her teeth black, and all the other old ladies whom we know.”

“It is no longer the fashion,” was the answer. “Everyone used to think it made people more beautiful, but the times have changed since the white men came among us, and we like pearly teeth best now.”

At this moment Kono’s father brought out from beneath the tree the greatest surprise of all, — it was a doll’s house! Yes, — and it was big enough for me, Plum Bloom, to live in. Could ever a doll be richer



and better cared for than I? There were soft, thick mats on the floors, and screens on which flowers and birds were painted. There was a tiny gilded mirror hanging against the wall, and a lacquered cabinet.

"One, two, three, four, five drawers," counted Kono. "One for each of Plum Bloom's wigs! How lovely!"

Of course, there were presents on the tree for the big folks, too, and Kono's pretty mamma was as pleased as any child could be, with a wide yellow sash, ornaments for her shining hair, a picture of a lake with graceful trees growing beside it and storks flying overhead; yes, and a box of confections, pink and white and soft, and ready to melt in any but a doll's mouth.

Everyone was happy that Christmas morning, yet that was not unusual, for Kono's home seems filled with happiness all of the time. It is said that the grown-up people in Japan have their troubles, just as those in other parts of the world. If they do, they don't show it, at any rate.

### THE GLAD NEW YEAR

As soon as Christmas was over, Kono's father and mother began to get ready for the glorious New



Year's Festival. The house and grounds had to be decorated, and more than once Kono, taking me with her, went shopping. The streets looked very pretty, for flags were flying in all directions, and fringes of rice straw waved back and forth as the breezes swept them. The shops were filled with all sorts of lovely presents, and were fairly ablaze with color.

At the corners of many of the streets, booths had been set up, where pine and bamboo trees, garlands of bamboo and pine, and rice-straw decorations were being sold to the eager crowds of buyers.

Of course, I had another new gown and sash to wear on New Year's day; Kono had new clothes, too; so did her father, so did her mother, and her baby sister; so did the nurse, and the cook, and the cook's assistant, and the cook's two children; for what would New Year's be without new clothes in which to celebrate it?

Then, when the morning arrived, what a bowing and smiling there was! Kono bent my knees and made me bow low before her to do her honor; but she did the very same to her parents, while the cook and his children, the nurse, and the cook's assistant all came in to make deep bows before their master and mistress.

Among the beautiful gifts with which Kono's father surprised her that morning was a ship of happiness. It was trimmed with pine twigs and loaded with tiny bags of rice and lobsters. The rice stood for wealth and the lobsters for long life. The sails of this wonderful ship were made of gold and scarlet paper, on which pretty verses were written. When Kono saw it, she laughed aloud in her delight.

There was a grand dinner that day in honor of the New Year. There was saké, the favorite wine in Japan; there were mushrooms, and there were live fish just taken from the water and still wriggling as they lay on the plates. There were pickled chrysanthemums and seaweed; rice, of course, and dried cuttlefish, besides the daintiest of cakes, that seemed to melt in the mouth, for they disappeared so rapidly.

The afternoon and evening were devoted to shows and songs given by hired men, who go from house to house during the festival season to furnish entertainment. Of course, the day did not end without a game of battledore and shuttlecock between Kono and her dearest friends. She is a graceful child and dances about on her high clogs as easily as a bird flies. I have a pair of such clogs myself, and sometimes my

little mistress sets me up on them and pretends that I can play the game with her.

The glad New Year's day was over, and bedtime came at last. Kono was so tired and sleepy that she could hardly tuck me into bed before lying down on her own soft quilt. Indeed, it must have been a little hard for her to first take her accustomed bath. But like a good child she did so, and soon afterwards everyone in the house was sound asleep except I, Plum Bloom. But then, I cannot sleep, for my eyes never close, and who ever heard of even a doll sleeping with open eyes?

### THE DOLL FESTIVAL

I feel very proud; yes, more than dolls of any other lands, for here in Japan a festival is given every year in our honor. It is a time set apart from all others, when big people and little people love and serve us.

When Kono was a tiny baby, — in fact, on the very day she was born, — she received a present of seven dolls, which she was to keep all her life. There were the Emperor of Japan and his wife the Empress, beautifully dressed to show what great people they represented. Besides these, there were five court mu-

sicians. Now, though all these dolls are very elegant, I am not one bit jealous of them, for Kono looks upon them only once a year during the great three days' festival. During the rest of the time they are kept very carefully in the big fireproof storehouse or go-down, as Kono's father calls it; and in their company are other dolls which were given to her great grandmother, her grandmother, and her mother in their childhood.

As the time for the great festival drew near, the very air of the house seemed alive with excitement. Kono had less time to play with me, for she spent many hours with her mother, writing invitations to friends near and far, to visit them. The paper they used was delicate and beautiful as silk, and after the words had been carefully written, each invitation was stamped with Kono's own seal.

Of course the cook was busy preparing dainty dishes for the guests, as well as the feasts to be offered the dolls. Then, too, the house must be cleaned with greater care than ever, though it would be hard to guess why this was needed, for specks of dust would be hard to find in this lovely house at any time.

One room, screened off from the rest of the house, was given up to the dolls, and rows of shelves covered



with red paper were set up in tiers against the walls. They had been made for just one purpose, — to receive the dolls of the family and their belongings. The fireproof storehouse was now opened and the treasures which had been kept there for years were brought out into the light of day.

Dolls! dolls! dolls! toy kitchens and cabinets, jinrikishas and bullock carts, downy coverlets and wooden head-rests, — for big dolls and little, grandmothers and babies, with their belongings around them, were all arranged with the greatest care. The guests now began to arrive, — Kono's aunts and cousins and little friends, — for the time of celebration, the third day of the month, was at hand.

Kono was awake bright and early that morning, and as soon as she was dressed, she set me up on one of the red-covered shelves among the great company.

Think of the honor that was now mine! I had been placed but a few inches away from the throne on which the Emperor and Empress were seated. Their gilded crowns shone in the morning sunlight as it peeped in over the top of the screen, and their magnificent robes were stiff with silver and gold embroidery. Close to them were the five court musicians, each one holding an instrument on which he



seemed to be playing. Both the Emperor and Empress were very large, about as big as Kono's baby sister. The Emperor's face was so stern, it was enough to make a doll tremble to look at him, but the Empress wore such a sweet smile on her waxen cheeks, that all who beheld her must love her.

And now the guests came moving softly into the room on their sandaled feet. Oh-h! sighed one after another as she beheld the beautiful display. Of course, every doll was dressed in its best garments, and the delicate blues and pinks and scarlets of the robes, the perfect arrangement of the hair adorned with sparkling ornaments, the spotless sandals made a grand display, you may be sure. Besides ordinary dolls, there were not only the Emperor and Empress with their court musicians, near whom I was seated, but two other sets of these royal beings with their attendants. They had been given to Kono's mother and grandmother in their own babyhood and kept as carefully through the years as those of my own dear little mistress.

Among the rest of the great gathering were porters, jinrikisha men, nurses, soldiers, young lady dolls with their lovers, and mothers with their babies. All Japan was represented on the rows of shelves.

After looking in delight at us all, praising this one and that, the children and their mothers became busy, for they must serve the breakfast that had already been prepared in our honor. First of all, of course, the Emperor and Empress must be cared for. So, softly and with deep, graceful bows, the ladies and their daughters brought tiny, lacquered trays and set them before the royal beings. On the trays were cups and bowls of china as delicate as egg-shells. There were saké-pots filled with the liquid that had been made especially for this festival. There were buckets full of steaming rice, and plates piled high with the sweet shira cake that the children expect their dolls to like as much as they do themselves.

After all these good things had been set before us, and we had been given time to take our fill (only, as you already know, we are never hungry or have room for food), the company of live folks proceeded to partake of the feast themselves. Then, when all was eaten, they went their way until it should be time for the next meal; for we are served in this charming manner three times a day for three days. Then the great Festival of Dolls is over for the year. The Emperors and Empresses, with their court musicians, are carried back to the storehouse, to remain for

another year, and regular life begins once more. Holidays come often, however, and Kono has always something pleasant to which she can look forward. But with all her good times, she seems never so happy as when, with me, she celebrates the great Festival of Dolls. Would you not like to take my place and be a little Plum Bloom in the most beautiful of all lands, the kingdom of Japan?

## II

### THE ESKIMO DOLL

ONCE upon a time a large walrus was living happily in the cold waters of the north. Little did he care for the icy waves that swept over him, since thick layers of fat covered his bones and these kept him warm and contented.

When other creatures of the sea attacked him, he was always able to protect himself with his long, hard tusks of ivory; and since he was big and fierce he was generally able to kill enough prey to furnish himself with all the food that he needed.

There came a day, however, when trouble fell upon him. As he was taking a sun-bath on a huge block of ice near the shore, and having a pleasant nap at the same time, a party of Eskimo hunters drew near. Slowly and gently they moved through the water, each in his own little boat. At the same time they made ready their weapons, in order to spear the great walrus before he should discover them.

And now, with sudden, quick motions, out flew the harpoons. Two of them lodged in the sides of the









sleeping walrus. Then followed a mighty struggle. The walrus fought bravely, but the Eskimos were too many and powerful. In two hours more, his dead body had been dragged up on the shore near the homes of the hunters, and the fat, or blubber, was rapidly being cut away from his sides.

But the two beautiful, ivory tusks! To whom should they belong? Why, to the men, of course, whose harpoons first entered the body of the walrus.

Perhaps you wonder what all this has to do with me, Nooguk, the doll of a little Eskimo girl. But now you shall hear.

One of the hunters was a young man. Proud indeed was he of his young wife, who was very handsome in his eyes. Proud, too, he was, of his little daughter Koomah, whom everybody declared was the very image of her mother. And now, as the long, dark months of winter were coming on, and he would have much spare time to sit around the hut, the man said to himself: "I will make a doll for my little baby girl out of a part of this walrus tusk. Many an hour will pass before it is finished, but my knife is sharp. I will carve carefully; the doll shall have legs and arms, the head shall sit straight on the shoulders,

and when it is finished, everyone will admire my work."

So it was, that during the next few weeks, I slowly took shape, as the bits of ivory, under the careful hand of the young Eskimo, fell away from my body. Many a lively song was sung in the dark, smoky hut; many a merry joke was passed between the man and his friends, and many a time I was held up to be admired while I was still unfinished.

Then, at last, the day came, when I, a real doll, was placed in the hands of my little mistress, and she cried out in delight.

"Good, good!" she said in the language of her people. Then, holding me in her arms, she rolled about in the pile of bearskins that make her bed, while the puppy at her side sniffed at me to find out if I were good to eat. He was soon satisfied that even his sharp teeth could not chew me up, and if I had been anything but a doll I should have sighed in relief to find that I was safe.

If you children who live in a warmer land should peep into my home, it might seem queer and uncomfortable to you. At first you would think that it must be very cold, for it has been built out of blocks of snow, piled closely together. The only fire is the

stone lamp along whose edge bits of moss furnish wicks which suck up the ill-smelling oil of melted blubber, and give forth a dim light.

The bed of bearskins, where my little mistress sits when she plays with me, is stretched over the top of an immense cake of snow which reaches all along one side of the igloo.

All through the long winter it is hard to tell night from day, for the sun does not show his face for six long months. During this part of the year my mistress, while she was very young, was content to spend much of her time with me and her puppy in the hut.

Now, however, as she is growing into a big girl, she leaves me on the bed of bearskins for hours together, while she coasts down the hillsides with her child friends, or plays rough games with them over the frozen fields.

A few days after I was put into her hands she held me up to her mother and said: "Dress my dolly. She must have a warm coat and shirt like me. And a hood, too! Oh, yes, there must be a warm hood fastened to her coat, or she will freeze when she goes out-doors."

Now, the mother was very busy just then. She

was cutting up the blubber of a seal for the family dinner. But the old grandmother, who sat chewing skins to make them soft enough for clothing, heard the little girl. She loves the child dearly, and does all that she can to see that she has everything which she wishes.

"I will chew a piece of skin until it is very soft," she said. "Then, with my bone needle, I will make trousers and jacket for your doll-baby."

The black eyes of my little mistress shone with pleasure.

"Good grandmother," she said, and with me in her arms, she moved over on the bed to the old woman's side to watch her at her work.

A knife, which Koomah's father had spent many evenings in making, was used in cutting my garments. Then, bit by bit, she chewed the pieces in her mouth till they were soft and tender. The bone needle was now threaded with the sinew of a reindeer, and the sewing began.

Koomah watched her grandmother for a while, and then she became restless. A terrible storm was raging outside, so she could not go out-doors to play. Her puppy had gone to sleep in a corner, and she became tired even of holding me.



The old grandmother looked up from her work. "Koomah," she said, "you have been a good child. You shall have my treasures to amuse you. But you must be very careful of them."

Koomah knew what she meant, and her mouth stretched nearly from ear to ear in a big smile. The old woman bent over, and hunting under the bear-skins, felt around until she found a skin bag. "Here it is. Look!" she said.

She opened the bag, and out of it fell a number of dogs, bears, seals and other animals. They had all been carved out of bits of walrus-tusk.

"Oo! Oo!" cried Koomah, as she picked up the pretty toys and held them up to me. "Nooguk, we can play igloo together," she said. "Sometimes you will be at home with me and the dogs. Sometimes you will be a man like my father and go hunting. I wish you had a spear with which to kill the seals, and a bow and arrows to shoot the birds."

As she spoke she held up a swan. "I love you, little swan," she said, "for you give us soft, white feathers. Little swan, I do not want to shoot you, but maybe I will have to do so."

As she was speaking, shouting could be heard outside, and a minute afterwards, a furry ball came

tumbling in through the low doorway. When this ball had straightened itself out and shaken off the snow which covered it, it proved to be Koomah's next-door neighbor, a little boy who was still too young to go hunting with his father.

His puppy followed him in and, of course, there was a great confusion now. Koomah's puppy waked up and the two dogs began to jump and tumble over each other so roughly that the old grandmother hurried to gather up her bag of toys before they should get lost.

Koomah proudly held me up for her friend to admire, but, being a boy, he did n't seem interested.

"Dolls are n't much good," he declared. "They can't bark and run like puppies. See what I have here," he went on.

With these words he pulled from out his sleeve pocket two pairs of toy reins made from the skin of a musk-ox.

"One pair is for you, Koomah," he told her. "My father made them for you. Now we can harness our puppies and train them to mind us. By and by they will be big dogs, and then they will know how to drag the sleds when we want to go out riding."

Once more I was laid down while Koomah and her

friend harnessed the puppies and hitched them to the water bucket. How the puppies did jump around trying to get free! But it was of no use. The reins were fastened so tightly that they could not get away. Round and round the igloo they flew, while the boy lashed them with a toy dog-whip, a long strap of leather, as he tried to teach them to obey his commands.

The first lesson came to an end when Koomah's mother and grandmother could bear the noise no longer. Both puppies and children were out of breath by this time. The puppies were then set free and they snuggled up to each other for a nap, while the children begged for something to eat.

And what do you think they got? Not cookies or cakes, or fruit, or anything else that children in other lands might expect. No, nor even pieces of bread and butter, but chunks of raw blubber, which they ate with the greatest delight. It is no wonder that Koomah and her little friend are so fat and roly-poly, and that the roses try to blossom on their brown cheeks, even though they cannot grow in any part of the frozen north.

It must be said that Koomah ate greedily, — so greedily, in fact, that she forgot to offer me any part

of her nice lunch. When she had gulped down the last bit she looked down at me at her side.

"Poor dolly!" she said, "are you hungry, too? I will give you something next time. Yes, I will," she declared, shaking the long black hair which hung around her face.

"Oh, let that foolish doll alone," said her friend. "Let's play dominoes."

Koomah's father had made a set of dominoes out of bone, and, though she was n't old enough yet to play a real game, the two children had a good time "making believe." I was not quite forgotten, however, for, when the boy was not looking, Koomah would give me a little love-pat to show that she cared for me, no matter what anyone else might say.

And then came a surprise! Koomah's mother had been watching the children play. They were so good and quiet that she must have thought, "I will give the little ones a treat," for she went over to the corner where she kept the food, and taking something from her store, held it in her hands behind her.

She began to laugh. "What do you suppose that I have for a good little boy and girl?" she asked.

Quick as a flash Koomah answered, "I know, I know."



"Look and see, then," said the mother.

The children ran behind the woman, each one seizing a hand. It was candy, Eskimo candy, that is, — but not at all like anything that you have ever seen. It wasn't the least bit sweet. Indeed, you would be disappointed with it if Koomah were to give you some of hers. But it was pretty to look at, and it tasted even better than it looked, at least to the little Eskimos.

Well, it is quite plain that you would never be able to guess what it was like, if we were to play at a thinking game all day, so I shall have to tell you what Koomah's mother had in her hand. It was the red feet of a dovekie, from which the bones had been drawn out, and hot reindeer marrow poured in.

But what is a dovekie? I do not wonder that you ask. It is a beautiful black bird of the northland, about as large as a dove, and with white stripes on its wings. Koomah's father had gone shooting the day before, and brought home two dovekies.

"While the child is asleep, I will make her some candy," thought the loving mother. So, cutting off the feet of the birds, she cleaned them out, blew long breaths into them, and then, when they were puffed

out as big as possible, poured in the marrow that Koomah thinks is the nicest thing in the world.

“Oo! Oo! Good! Good!” they cried, as they began to squeeze out their candy. But this time Koomah did not forget me. When her boy friend was not looking, she held her dovekie’s foot to my mouth and whispered, “Eat, Nooguk, it will make you fat and strong.”

Koomah is a good child and loves me after a fashion, though she is often rough, without doubt. But then, since I am solid ivory, through and through, it is impossible to hurt me in any way.

#### MAKING A KAYAK

One evening, — it must have been evening, but being the winter season it was dark out-doors all the time, as you may remember, — Koomah’s father sat curled up among the bearskins with his little daughter beside him. He had traveled many miles that day on his dog sledge looking for seals, as there was little food left in the hut. And now, after being out so long, he was glad “to take it easy.”

It is queer, by the way, that he and his family can enjoy themselves indoors as much as they do, for the

air is always thick and close with the smoke rising from the ill-smelling lamps. Why, it won't be many days before I am as dark-skinned as the people themselves. And I was so clean and white when I began being a doll! Well, never mind! Koomah doesn't care, so why should I?

But to come back to my story! Koomah's mother and father had sung songs, queer Eskimo songs, until they were tired. After that the old grandmother told a story about a strange and powerful being who dwelt in the ice lands away to the north, — lands where no man lived, — and only musk-oxen and snow-white polar bears had their home.

For a few minutes all was quiet. Then Koomah looked up, and said: "Father, I want a sledge for my dolly to ride on. Just like the one on which you sometimes take me for a journey."

The jolly Eskimo laughed. "But there will be no dogs to drag the sled," he said.

"Sometime you will carve me ivory dogs; one, two, three, four, five, six," counted the child on her fingers. "A whole pack, father, so that my dolly can move fast."

Again the man laughed.

"The sledge you shall have, my child," he an-

swered. "But the dogs, — it would take more than one long winter to make them, I should have to work so slowly and carefully."

"Good father! now then for the sledge," chuckled Koomah, as she brought forth from her mother's stores two small bones that were shaped nicely for the runners, for they were curved a little at the ends. But the framework of the sledge! what could she get for that? She looked at her father. He answered the look with a happy smile. "I have a bit of driftwood that is just the thing," he said, as he held it up for her to see.

Now, the fact is that wood is the most precious thing that the Eskimos have, for no trees grow in their land. They will gladly travel many miles along the shore in the hope of picking up small pieces which have floated in from some wreck. So a sledge made of driftwood would be as grand a toy to a child of the northland as a gold one would be to her sisters farther south.

Before the evening was over, the sledge was finished. The parts had been bound together with deer-sinew, and a soft covering of deerskin fitted over the top.

"Ride, dolly, ride!" cried Koomah, who waked up



from a nap at her father's side just as he finished the work. She seized hold of me and tried to make me sit up upon the sledge. Since I was made of ivory, she couldn't bend my legs, so she contented herself with stretching me out upon the sledge, and tying me on so that I would not fall off.

Then she pushed me about, up hill and down dale, among the bearskins, till I ought to have been tired and out of breath. But it was getting late. The old grandmother was nodding in her corner.

"Time to sleep," declared Koomah's father, and a few minutes afterwards everyone was stretched out for the night, and I, still bound on my new sledge, lay forgotten until morning.

### AN IGLOO OF MY OWN

It was a clear, bright morning, and the sun was saying, "How do you do?" after being hidden for many moons, as Koomah and her people call the months. The little girl put on her outer jacket, while her mother fastened her hood and drew on her mittens and dogskin boots.

My little mistress was going out-doors to play with her friends, and as the weather was still bitterly cold, she had need of her warm furs.

"My dolly! I'll take my dolly," she cried, when she was ready for the start. She was just big enough to reach up to the top of the snow-bed and pull me down; then tucking me up her sleeve, she ran out-doors.

O, the good, good air, so clear and crisp! What a change from the dark, smoky hut with water trickling down its sides! The snow had already begun to melt, since the weather was a little warmer. All around us the earth was covered with a white sheet as far as Koomah and I could see. And out beyond the frozen shore, tall icebergs reached up toward the sky and glittered in the sunlight.

Koomah's little neighbors were already out enjoying the bright sunlight.

"Let's coast down the hillside!" proposed one of them. No sooner was it said than done. There were some small ice-blocks not far away, and these would make fine sleds. How the air rang with the merry shouts, as, one after another, they sped down the slope on their ice-sleds, while I, tucked away in Koomah's big sleeve, was quite forgotten!

At last, however, the children, tired and out of breath, were glad to do something easier. Then Koomah thought of me. "We will make an igloo

for Nooguk," she said, shaking me out of her sleeve.

All fell to work, cutting up small cakes of the hardest snow they could find, and setting them up in the shape of a circle. Then came another layer on top of the first, but reaching in toward the center ever so little. Then another and another, till on the very top one cake was enough to fill up the space.

It looked for all the world like a beehive of the southland. It was not finished yet, however, for now the little girls began to dance all around it, sprinkling snow over it to fill in any chinks that might have been left.

"Now you have a home of your own," said Koomah, shaking with laughter, and she pushed me inside through the little opening that had been left for a doorway.

And then! why, she and her playmates ran away to play ball, and I was left alone in the growing darkness, with not even a lamp for company.

Koomah certainly never loved me as much as many children in other lands love their dolls. She does not seem to care much for other toys, either, and has very few. It must be that in our cold northland the children like best to play rough games, because these

keep them so warm that Jack Frost has to remain at a safe distance.

### MY NOSE IS OUT OF JOINT

I can't tell you how many hours or days that I lay in my new house, for dolls have no knowledge of time. But at any rate, it was a long time of darkness and quiet. Then came the sound of rushing feet and loud cries, and a moment afterwards, my home was knocked down by Koomah tumbling over it and sprawling upon the ground.

"A bear! a big bear," she said as her mother came running out to see what the trouble was. Then she explained that as she and her little friends were running along the shore, suddenly a fierce, white polar bear appeared close by. His jaws were open, ready for a good meal.

The sunlight must have awakened him out of his winter's sleep, and he was, doubtless, very hungry. But the children escaped and ran for home before he got over his astonishment. Koomah's mother hugged and patted her as she told the story between her sobs. Then she led her into the igloo and I was still forgotten.

Now, without even the shelter of my little igloo,



I lay, uncared for, unthought of, for a long, long time. Each day the sun stayed longer in the sky, and the snow around me was beginning to melt. The men of the village were busy getting their skin boats ready for the sea. As they passed me by they spoke often of leaving their igloos, and moving farther up the shore with their tents, in which they live during the short summer.

More than once a big foot pressed me down farther into the snow, as the men walked along. Then, after a long, long time, one of them stopped beside me and picked me up. It was Koomah's father.

"I declare, this is the very doll I made for my little one," he said, and carried me into the igloo. And there, if you would believe it, sat Koomah among the bearskins, holding another doll. It was very different from myself, much larger, and it was soft and huggable. It was made all of fur, but the face was smooth because it was of sealskin which had been tanned.

And yes! it had eyes and nose and a mouth made of beads sewed on in the right places. Koomah's mother must have made this doll for her child to take my place when she thought I was lost. But it was plainly to be seen that my little mistress loved her,

for she held her more tenderly than she had ever held me.

Alas! if a doll's heart could break, mine would be shattered into a thousand bits, but even that comfort cannot be mine, and I must go on, unloved, as best I may.





### III

#### THE DUTCH DOLL

**M**Y name is Wilhelmina, and I belong to a rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little girl in Holland. I have rosy cheeks and blue eyes as well as a wig of yellow hair, to look as much as possible like my little mistress. There is a great difference between us, however. Though we are both short and roly-poly, my body is made of hard wood through and through, while Betje's is of such soft plump flesh, that people must like to pinch it just to see how soft and plump it is.

Both of us wear many skirts to make us look as fat and round as possible, for this is the custom in Holland. Why, it is even said that the women in the country, who are too poor to buy as many skirts for themselves as they would like, wishing to look in style, wrap sheets of cotton-wool around their bodies, to stuff them out. Don't you think they are silly to pretend to be what they are not?

You may wonder why Betje gave me such a long name, — Wilhelmina. The fact is that she thought



for several days before she decided. Then she said, "What better name could there be than that of our good and lovely queen? I am so glad that I am a Dutch child to be ruled over by such a beautiful woman. I will certainly call my dolly Wilhelmina."

Betje's mother gave me to her little daughter on her birthday. But I was naked, — not a single garment did I own. Though many women make wardrobes for the dolls before they give them to their children, Betje's mother, as she looked at me, said, "No, it will be better for my child to make the clothes herself. I will cut them out. Then she can do the sewing. It will be good practice for her with her needle. She cannot begin to learn too soon all that a good house-mother should know."

Betje was so delighted with the gift that she gladly set to work on the clothes. Day after day she sat at her mother's side, taking the tiniest stitches; yet, as the good woman examined the work, she would often shake her head, saying, "Not good enough, little daughter. Some of the stitches must come out."

At last, however, the last skirt was finished, as well as a pretty blue dress which reached to my feet and

was gathered as full as possible about my small waist.

"Now for the kerchief, mother, to cross over Wilhelmina's shoulders, and a lace cap with flapping wings to fit tightly over her head. Then she will look quite like you and me," said Betje, as she held me up to admire me in all my elegance.

"Of course, she must have them before she is completely dressed," was the answer. "So here is a piece of muslin which you can have for the kerchief, and also a bit of fine lace, made by my own hands, from which a dainty cap shall be cut at once."

Betje's mother is a skillful housewife. She has a big chest of linen which she has made herself, — yes, she even spun the thread on her own distaff. She knits the stockings for her whole family, and in her spare moments she makes the most delicate lace. O, she is a wonderful housekeeper, and no doubt Betje will grow up to be just like her, — that is, if one can judge by the way she succeeded in making my clothes.

I had not worn them very long before a small pucker came into Betje's forehead. Something troubled her. Her mother was out in the kitchen stirring batter for cakes, when the little girl, holding me

tightly, ran out to her, exclaiming, "I want to take Wilhelmina out-doors to play, and she has no shoes."

"Dolls do not need shoes, little daughter. You should be satisfied," was the answer.

But Betje was not satisfied when a few minutes afterwards she was walking with me through the garden. Her own little wooden shoes went clattering over the walk, and out in the street there was a still louder clattering as a troop of children ran merrily past.

If you have never been in Holland you have no idea what a deal of noise is made by so many wooden shoes. When you hear it for the first time you will be tempted to put your hands up to your ears and say, "Dear me! how do the people bear it when they are obliged to hear it all of the time?"

But my dear little friends of other lands, one can get used to anything, even wooden shoes. I own some myself now, for Betje was so anxious to have me completely dressed, that her mother finally bought some for me.

Nowadays, when we go for a walk, Betje fastens them on my feet; then, at the last moment, when we are ready to start, she puts on her own and off we go for a good time. Of course, when we get home, the shoes are taken off before we enter the

house, for it would never do to bring in even a speck of mud where everything is so spotless.

It amused Betje's father, however, when he came home one evening and saw my tiny shoes beside the others on the doorstep. How the jolly Dutchman did laugh! His sides shook like those of St. Nicholas himself.

"Your doll will need skates next," he said. And Betje nodded her head, for she thought her father was in earnest.

Often through the winter months my little mistress puts me to sleep on her funny bedstead made right into the wall, while she goes skating. You must know that the country of Holland is very low, and many canals have been made through the land to drain it.

During the winter the water in these canals freezes over, and then the children have merry times. Off go the wooden shoes and on come the skates. Up and down the canals move the little folks in gay parties. It is no wonder that for a time dollies are forgotten.

But Betje loves me very dearly, and after the skating is over for the day, she is as happy as a queen playing "little mother" with me. And she often speaks of her own queen, the good Wilhelmina, for whom I am named.



"When she was a little girl she loved her dolls as much as you love yours," Betje's mother said to her one day. "I have been told that she has kept them all these years so that her own children shall have them to play with. They were dressed to represent all sorts of people, — soldiers and sailors, maids of honor, officers of the court, rich ladies and poor fisherwomen. She played house with them just as you do, and *sometimes* she pretended that they were naughty. Then how do you think that she punished them? Why, she made them queens!"

Betje's blue eyes opened wide in wonder.

"How could that be punishing them?" she asked. "To be a real, true queen must be the most beautiful thing in the whole world!" she exclaimed.

"The good Wilhelmina did not think so, at any rate. She has always disliked show, and has lived a quiet life," was the answer. "For this reason she had another queer punishment for her dolls when she was not pleased with them. She made them bow a great number of times."

Betje laughed. "Then she can't enjoy all the bows and curtesies people have to make when they come into her presence," she said thoughtfully.

"No, the many forms of the court are not pleasing



to her and become very tiresome. At least, so I have heard."

### THE FEAST OF ST. NICHOLAS

Have you ever heard of St. Nicholas? There is no Santa Claus for Betje and the other children of her country. Instead, they are always talking about St. Nicholas and his black slave, and the presents that he brings to good little boys and girls on the fifth day of each December. It is like the American and English Christmas.

Betje, so her mother said, had tried very hard to mind her parents all the past year, so, as the feast day drew near, she was greatly excited. She whispered to me only last evening, "Wilhelmina, I do hope that St. Nicholas will bring us a toy kitchen, where you can make cakes and puddings, and all sorts of nice things for our little parties."

Betje's mother heard her whispering, and asked her to repeat out loud what she had been saying.

"Perhaps you will get your wish, little daughter," she said. "Who knows?"

On the even of the great day, Betje's parents let her visit the shops with them. I had the good fortune to go too, though most of the dolls were fast

asleep in bed, — that is, all excepting those which were for sale in the shops.

There were hundreds and hundreds of these, big and little, dressed and undressed, besides all other kinds of toys to delight the hearts of children. You can imagine how beautiful the shops looked with their gay decorations, and the bright lights shining everywhere upon the countless gifts.

As we turned to go out of one of the shops, we almost ran into a figure dressed to represent St. Nicholas himself. He had a huge bag by his side and was handing out presents to the children who passed by. He gave Betje a tiny stork, the very likeness of a real one, and she was as pleased as pleased could be.

“That means good luck,” she cried. “I shall take the greatest care of my stork, so that no harm shall come to him. Perhaps St. Nicholas will bring me a doll-baby now. I have heard you tell, mother, that the storks built a nest in our chimney-top the very summer before I was born.”

“Everybody loves the stork,” was the answer, “and no one would hurt the bird willingly.”

When the shopping was done and the sights were seen, we all trudged home again, but so many people

were on the streets, and the noise of their wooden shoes made such a clatter, that little talking could be done.

Bedtime did not arrive with the home-coming, however, for a surprise was yet in store for us. No sooner had Betje seated herself in her little chair, than there came a loud knocking at the door.

The little girl jumped up. "It is the good saint," she cried. "He has come! He has come!"

"Open the door, little daughter," said the mother.

Half afraid, Betje did as she was told, and in walked a fat, jolly-looking old fellow, with a long beard and twinkling blue eyes. His cloak sparkled with silver and gilt ornaments, and in his hand he held a miter.

"Does a child named Betje live here?" he asked the mother, while Betje herself peeked out at the visitor from behind the good woman's skirts.

"It is even so," answered the mother.

"I have heard," St. Nicholas went on, "that this little girl sometimes brings dust into this clean home after her play out-doors. But since she is generally thoughtful, and tries hard not to lose her temper, I have decided to remember her on this yearly visit of mine."

At these words Betje caught her breath with relief.

"And now," St. Nicholas continued, "that you may feel sure of my good will, I give you a small token of my love."

Suddenly a shower of sweetmeats came flying in all directions about Betje. With a happy laugh she bent over to gather them. Lo! when she looked up, there was no St. Nicholas to be seen. He had disappeared!

"O dear!" cried Betje, "I wish my dear father had been here to see the good saint. Where is he, mother?"

"Why, let me see, he must be somewhere about the house, little daughter. You know that he came home with us."

Betje ran to the hall door and called up the stairs, "Father! father!" but it was five minutes at least before he appeared. He looked sorry when Betje told him what he had missed, — that is, except for a bit of a twinkle in his eyes.

"Do you know, my dear father, that St. Nicholas had a voice very much like yours, only it was deeper," Betje said, as she sat munching the candies the good saint had left behind him.

When she had eaten all that her parents thought

was good for her at one time, her father said, "Now, we must prepare for the night visit."

Betje knew what he meant. She ran to her room and brought out the biggest pair of wooden shoes that she owned. With a sober face she placed them on a table from which everything had been cleared away. Beside them she placed her mother's and her father's. Then she stopped to think.

"I would like to put Wilhelmina's there, too," she said. "Do you think that St. Nicholas would be willing, since she is only a doll?"

How thoughtful she was! Few little girls, even of Holland, would consider their dolls at such an exciting time. But then, few dolls are so well-dressed as to have shoes.

"I am quite sure that St. Nicholas would not mind in the least," said the mother. "But now to bed, little girl. Sleep soundly, for St. Nicholas would not like to have you listen to him while he is at work."

As Betje trotted off to bed, she heard her father lock the door of the room where the shoes had been placed, awaiting the gifts with which the child felt sure they would be filled during the night.

It was very early the next morning when Betje woke up. Indeed, the sun had not risen, when, taking



me in her arms, she pattered toward the bedside of her mother and father. They were not a bit cross at being disturbed so early. How could they be when it was such a great day, — a day that comes only once a year?

The dressing was quickly over; then, with the key in his hand, Betje's father led the procession to the room where the shoes had been left the night before. The door was unlocked and thrown open, and Betje's eyes opened wide with delight when she saw that St. Nicholas had been there during the night. Each shoe was filled to the top with candy, fruit, and oranges, — mine, as well as the others. I had not been forgotten.

"But you remember last year, Betje," reminded her father. "The best gifts are hidden all over the house. St. Nicholas and his slave, no doubt, had a merry time of it stowing things away while we were sleeping. Come, let us search the house."

Such a gay time as we had now! Upstairs and down, under bed-clothes, up on the shelves; yes, even in the big oven in the kitchen Betje and her parents found presents tucked away.

There was a beautiful picture, a silver comb, and pins for the mother; books and a new pipe for Betje's

father, but you will care most to hear of the surprises for the little girl, and for me, Wilhelmina.

The doll-baby that she had longed for she found in her mother's workbasket, as well as a high-chair just big enough to hold it. Behind the clock on the mantel there was a tiny cart in which two dogs were harnessed. This was for me, and Betje set me up in it at once.

Many a time my little mistress had ridden through the streets of the town in just such a cart; only it was bigger, of course, and the dogs were real. And every morning many such carts laden with fruit and vegetables passed the house on the way to market with its owner trudging along beside it.

How Betje laughed when she found in a cup on the breakfast table a little bonnet which fitted over my cap perfectly! It was just like the one that her mother wore to church on Sundays.

"I wonder how St. Nicholas happened to get it just the right size," she said, as she held me up to the mirror that I might admire myself.

The best gifts of all were found last, for Betje, somehow, forgot to look in the fireplace in the best room till her father suggested that she should do so. Fortunately, no fire had been lighted there that morn-

ing and the hearth was swept clean. Behold! on the clean bricks were a tin kitchen and a toy farmyard.

“Now,” said the mother, “my daughter can play that she is a little housekeeper, and at the same time she can learn how to keep her home tidy and orderly, as every woman should do.”

“And Wilhelmina shall learn how to cook,” said Betje, nodding her head in satisfaction. “See these lovely pewter dishes on the shelves. How they shine! Wilhelmina and I must polish them once a week at least. Oh! and here is a churn. We will make butter, — that is, if mother will give us a little cream. But cheese! I think that we will be obliged to buy our cheese, Wilhelmina. We are not old enough to make that.”

As Betje spoke, she opened the door of a tiny cupboard, and there was a tiny cheese, ready for the eating, — black bread, too, which must have been baked in one of the toy pans.

“Here is our breakfast all ready for us,” cried the delighted child. “And see, even the coffee has been put into this little brass pot. How thoughtful of St. Nicholas!”

Every morning of the year the same food is served on the table in Betje’s home, — black bread, cheese,

and coffee, — but no one seems to think of getting tired of it.

My little mistress was so busy in her delight over the kitchen that she did not turn her eyes to the farmyard for several minutes. And all the time a row of sleek, black cows stood waiting for her attention, as well as a flock of ducks and a kind-eyed watch-dog.

Surely St. Nicholas must love Betje and me, he has been so good to us!

“I can’t think of anything else to wish for,” said my little mistress, as with the doll baby in one arm and me in the other, she sat playing with her new toys.

Later on in the day Betje’s relations began to arrive, for they had been invited to the feast of St. Nicholas. There were aunts and uncles, big cousins and little, the old grandfather and grandmother. What a hugging and kissing and hand-shaking! What a showing of presents! The air was filled with greetings and best wishes, with joking and laughter, for of all the people in the world, the Dutch are the jolliest and the best-natured.

For days beforehand, Betje’s mother and the maid had been busy preparing the feast, but among all the



good things that came out of the big oven, you must hear of two at least. These were the cakes which were made only once a year and especially for this day. One was a sort of gingerbread, most delicate and delicious. It would certainly melt in any but a doll's mouth. It was made in all kinds of queer and ridiculous shapes.

The other, — but who can describe it, and do it justice? It was a sort of light pastry, baked in little tunnels, and the hollows filled with soft almond icing. Oh! how good it was! At least every one of the guests said so, as one after another of the little cakes disappeared down their throats.

But after all, the big gingerbread dolls seemed to give the most pleasure. They had been shaped in wooden molds which Betje's grandmother and great-grandmother had used in their younger days, so their clothes showed that they belonged to the "long ago." Every woman and girl at the feast received a man-doll, and every man received a lady-doll, all puffed out with ruffles and farthingale.

You can see that there were plenty of dolls at the feast of St. Nicholas, and that I could not be lonely, any more than the real folks of the party. Sad to say, however, these gingerbread dolls didn't



last, for, on the very next day, there was not even the crumb of one left to tell its story.

There are many advantages in being a wooden doll, though, at first, it was enough to make one jealous to hear all the praise given to the gingerbread ones which Betje's mother had made and baked.

### THE KERMIS

The days pass pleasantly for Betje and me. My little mistress takes great delight in keeping me as clean as soap and water will allow. She washes and irons my clothes; she "does up" my cap with the greatest care, starching it so stiffly that the wings stand out in the most beautiful manner. She prepares feasts for me in her little kitchen, and serves them on the shining pewter plates. Once in a while, when her little friends come in with their dolls, the children play that there is a christening or a wedding, or perhaps that school is "going on," and we dolls have to learn our lessons, and *sometimes* we break the rules. Then, of course, the schoolmistress is angry and we get punished. This is not very pleasant for us, because, you see, we are not *really* naughty.

It is much nicer when the little girls "make believe" that Kermis, the yearly fair, is taking place.

At the real Kermis the boys and girls have the grandest times that you can imagine. There are all sorts of shows, and hundreds and hundreds of things which you can buy, — gay ribbons and shining jewelry, books and pictures and toys, — but there is nothing better for sale at the Kermis than the poffertjies and wavelen.

Queer words these are, — poffertjies and wavelen. But what are they, you wonder? They are cakes, and Betje pretends that she knows how to make them, though she only stirs mud and water together in one of the shining pans in her toy kitchen.

The poffertjies are round and greasy, and after they are baked, right in front of you, at the Kermis, they are covered with butter and sugar. If a doll can judge by the way that the children smack their lips at the thought of them, they must be delicious. But the wavelen, — you wish to know about them, too. They are wafers made in an oblong shape, and they are also buttered. You would be sure to like them, as well as the poffertjies.

But dear me! not another word can you hear from me for a long time, for Betje has just come in, saying that she must get me ready for a long journey. We are to visit her aunt in the country. They live on a

farm where there are many real cows and ducks, and the aunt makes cheeses, which are so good that they are sent far away to other countries.

So, farewell for the present. By and by you will come to Holland, perhaps, and make Betje and me a visit. We will certainly give you a hearty welcome.

## IV

### MRS. MARTHA, QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOLL

**O**F course, you have heard of Queen Victoria, the great and good woman who ruled over England for more than half a century. But did you ever think of her as a little girl who liked to play as well as yourself? Once upon a time she was just such a child, and though she was then a young princess, who knew that as soon as she was old enough she would rule over a powerful people, she dearly loved her dollies and toys, and spent many happy hours of the day with them.

But who am I, you ask, who seem to have known her so well? If you please, I am Mrs. Martha, her doll housekeeper, and proud should I be, not only of having once belonged to the Queen of England, but of holding such an important place in her household of one hundred and thirty-two dolls.

Do you not wish that you could have visited me in





BERNARD BRUCE





those good old days when I stood behind an ivory tea-set and served refreshments to my great family? You may never have the chance of meeting me, but if you should have that good fortune, you might be astonished at finding me so small.

“ A common-looking creature! ” you might perhaps exclaim. “ She cannot even shut her eyes nor cry. I should think the greatest queen in the whole world would have had the most elegant dolls possible when she was a little child.”

Not so, my friend. Victoria wished for dolls to love, — not merely to look at; so it little mattered that most of her toy-children were made of wood, some only five inches in height, and the largest only nine inches! But what good times my little mistress had with us.

With some of us, she acted out the plays that she saw at the theater; with others she held gay courts, where the lord and lady-dolls appeared in magnificent robes of silk and satin and plush. Or, perhaps, she amused herself with simply playing house with the mother-dolls and their babies, and with me, of course, in charge.

The dear child would have been very lonely without us. Just because she was such a great princess,

she was kept by herself most of the time. Once in each week, a little girl who bore the same name, Victoria, was allowed to visit her, but other children came very seldom. So, of course, when she was not learning how to be a queen, she had to amuse herself with her doll-children and the many toys with which she played house with us.

First, however, let me tell you a little about myself. If I do say it, I was a great favorite with her, even though I was only a housekeeper. Wouldn't you be proud if your clothes had been made by a real princess, as mine were? Why, my picture has been taken and placed in a book devoted to Queen Victoria's dolls. Moreover, please don't feel jealous because my royal mistress wrote a list of our names in one of her copy books with her dear little childish fingers. Yes, there is mine among them as plain as day!

Tell me, did you ever hear of a doll so honored and fortunate as I have been? Nearly all of our large family are made of wood, and came to my royal mistress from the little country of Holland across the sea. Each one bore this message:

"The children of Holland take pleasure in making,  
What the children of England take pleasure in breaking."

The Dutch workmen probably had no idea which dolls they made were to belong to the English princess, else such a message would never have come into her careful, gracious hands. She did not "take pleasure in breaking," but her love watched over us through her whole life, and that is why you are able to hear from us to-day.

Now let me make a word-picture of myself. I am larger than many of the other dolls. My nose is small and sharp, my hair is black, my cheeks round and rosy. This last is because of big splashes of paint which were given them by the one who made me.

Now for my clothing! It is made as nearly perfect to suit the needs of a housekeeper as you can imagine. My dress is of white lawn, the sleeves of which were gathered tightly around the wrist, so that they would not be easily soiled while I was busy with my work. I wear a large apron, of course. It is of a beautiful dark purple, and the edges are neatly pinked. My cap is enough to make any housekeeper proud. It is made of white net, with full ruffles around the face, and strings of wide pink ribbon are tied in a big bow under my chin.

A fine lady I am, even though simply a housekeeper. But then, think what a large house I have

to keep in order! One hundred and thirty-two dolls in all, — dancing girls, lords and ladies, babies and maids. A great and noble company, and each one dressed in garments that fit his or her place in life. My dear mistress made the garments of thirty-two of these dolls her very own self.

Such fine stitches as she took, too! Dainty pocket handkerchiefs a half-inch square she embroidered with initials, and drew the threads in the borders; silk and satin robes with long, graceful trains; caps and bonnets in the fashion of the day. Most wonderful of all, perhaps, was the way in which she finished off the tiny pockets on the tiniest of aprons. Why, you would surely declare that they were meant for the fairies themselves, and not for simple little wooden dolls.

The furniture used in our housekeeping was neat and dainty. It was made almost entirely of white cardboard and then covered with pretty stuffs. My own dressing-table was made of cardboard and then covered with white brocade, on which a pattern of flowers was traced. Then there were chairs and tables and bedsteads, all of cardboard, far nicer because they were made at home instead of being fashioned with thousands of others in some common factory.



But who are some of the little friends for whom I keep house, you may ask. Dear me, I hardly know where to begin, because I can't tell you the names of all of them, and it would be hard to give the most important, for they were each and all interesting to the young princess.

Let me see. You would like to hear about the babies, — that is certain. Never was there a more cunning pair of twins than those which belonged to the noble Countess of Rothesay. They were made of rags and their faces were painted a rosy red; and although their bodies did not have much shape, it didn't matter, for they were dressed in long clothes, like all young babies. Their dresses, strange to say, were not alike, for one was of satin and the other of simple lawn. Why my dear mistress made such a difference between them I cannot say.

The countess, their mother, is still very beautiful, in her rich yellow gown, with a gilded comb in her black hair. In those playdays of long ago, she often held her babies, but they never looked more lovable than when they lay, side by side, in their pretty cardboard cradle, with their heads just showing above the dainty lace-trimmed coverlet.

The cradle itself was covered with white satin and

trimmed with lace. No common cradle would ever have done for the twin children of the Earl and Countess of Rothesay.

Of course, you know that charming fairy story, "Beauty and the Beast." When my dear mistress was a little girl, she went to see it played on the stage, and she was so pleased with it, that she must have decided to have her dolls act it out at home. One of these dolls she named Fatima, after Beauty's wicked sister.

You remember, of course, that it was Fatima who cared so much for fine clothes that when her father asked what he should choose for her from among the treasures his ship was bringing home, she asked at once for rich silks.

My princess, therefore, dressed Fatima in an elegant silk gown of yellow, trimmed with the softest white fur. She made large, puffed sleeves of red silk, and a pannier of the same color. Beautiful as Fatima's garments might be, she has always been an ugly creature in my eyes. How anyone could love her is more than I can understand. People sometimes ask if the princess had her dolls act out the whole play in her little cardboard theater, and whether she sang the songs for them that she heard at the opera.

But I never answer the question, whether you think I am able to do so or not.

Outsiders should not be too curious as to what royal people do in their own homes. This, however, I will tell you. My little mistress had a long board filled with pegs. Into these pegs she fitted the feet of many of her doll-children, so that they could stand alone and take any position she wished, as their shoulders, elbows, hands, and knees were all jointed.

On account of this she could, if she wished, make them go through the pantomimes that she saw at the theaters with her mother, and act out the plays which she liked the best.

The dancing girls are dear little creatures and are among the smallest of all the wooden dolls. One of them, Mlle. Duvernay, was dressed entirely by the busy fingers of my little mistress. She saw the live dancer in the ballet of "The Sleeping Beauty." You must know the story, and love it as well as you do that of "Beauty and the Beast."

"I must have a doll Duvernay," she decided, after she had come home from the theater. So she set to work to dress one of her dolls. What stuff could be so pretty for the graceful dancer as white tarlatan? None, indeed! But it must be covered with bright

ornaments, which would glisten as they spun around on her tiny toes. Tinsel of different colors was cut up into pretty shapes and sewed on the tarlatan. When the dress was finished and placed on the doll-dancer, and when, furthermore, a necklace of pearls had been fastened around her neck, and her hair had also been decorated, her young mistress had a right to be proud of her work.

There was a clown in our family to keep us happy and in good humor. He, also, was dressed entirely by the princess. Of course, there were children, as well as babies, two of them in such elegant clothes that a satin cloth was spread over the carpet where they were allowed to play. Two other children were dressed very simply, so that they could have as good a time as they liked without fear of soiling their garments, and they were happy, too, if one could judge by their smiling faces.

My mistress had lords and ladies among her doll-children, taller than our dancing girls, so that they might look more stately in their rich robes. Among these noble beings, Queen Elizabeth herself sometimes appeared among her subjects, that they might do her honor. This doll-queen was as proud and grand in her way as the real one was. Beautifully dressed she



was, in a gown made of gold tinsel, with a long train bound with ermine. Around her waist she always wore a chain of gold beads; pearls were wound about her neck, while her head was magnificent (can you say that big word?) with a crown of crimson plush studded with pearls and shining with bits of gold paper.

It is said that the real Queen Elizabeth was very fond of fine clothes. If she were alive she would have no reason to feel ashamed of her tiny namesake who entertained the lonely days of my dear little mistress.

You may be getting tired of hearing about so many dolls, but I really can't end this story of my early days without telling you of Ernestine. She didn't come from my old home, Holland, but was made in the mountain country of Switzerland, where many a pretty toy is fashioned for the children of other lands.

Ernestine is four inches tall! Yes, and as many inches broad. Her body is of white leather, her cheeks as rosy as May; her short skirt and silk apron, her muslin chemisette and velvet stomacher, all cry out, "I am from the little country of Switzerland, shut in by high mountains and beautiful with deep, blue lakes."



If you could hold Ernestine for a moment, you would never wish to have her leave you again. Oh, but I really must mention Miss Arnold, the dainty Puritan maiden, in poke bonnet and simple muslin gown. Get just one peek at the sweet face, half hidden under the big bonnet, and you would want to kiss it, not once, but many times.

There! I must really close for the present. Please don't forget me, Mrs. Martha, the doll housekeeper of the Princess Victoria, afterwards the great and powerful Queen of England. Good-by, then, for the present. Good-by.





ROSEMARY BRUCE

## V

### VIOLA MAY, THE PARISIAN DOLL

**I** AM a very queen among dolls. No one needs to imagine that I am beautiful, for I am really so. My eyes are of that rare and lovely violet which is seldom seen among human beings or dolls; my golden hair, so soft and fluffy, curls in bewitching ringlets above my forehead and is "done up" at the back of my head in the most fashionable of coils; my cheeks are flushed a delicate pink, made so by careful hand painting.

My wardrobe fills two trunks and furnishes me with garments for the house and street, for weddings and parties, picnics and dances. And yet, with all my riches, I am loved no more than the rag doll that an Italian child was carrying past our window this morning. It was a homely thing, that doll, with its pudgy face and common calico dress, but its child-mother hugged it more tenderly than Rosalind, my little mistress, ever hugged me.

Indeed, she seems to think of me as a show doll, rather than a love doll, and when she settles down to

have a really good time playing house, she sits in a rocking chair with a cheap little thing in baby clothes, and sings lullabies to it till everyone around must be tired to death. And she never casts a single glance at me, sitting in state on my velvet and rosewood couch.

But let me begin my story. I came to Rosalind's home in New York from across the great Atlantic Ocean. It was in Paris, the most elegant city in the world, that I became a doll. Many people had a share in making me. First of all, my head came into shape. This took place in a big workroom filled with the busy hum of many machines.

Many different things were used in the making of my head, but when the material was properly prepared, it was poured into a mold, and left there till it should set. Then the workman, who was watching for the right moment, took it from the mold with the greatest care. The fine nose and lips, the rounded cheeks, and the chin with its tiny dimples were all there; but, as yet, there were no eyes, nor had my face received any color. This was to be given by a sweet-faced young work-girl in another room.

In the meantime my eyes were being made in a low, dark basement, because this delicate work could



not be done in the sunlight. There it was that patient fingers gave them the violet color that everyone who sees me praises and admires. What care was used in getting just the right shade, you can scarcely imagine. But at last they were finished and set in place.

My body is so light that it does not tire my little mistress to carry me about, though I am as large as a three-months-old baby. This is because I am stuffed with cork shavings, which were packed in in such a way as to leave room for several little machines and weights, which were set up in my "insides." Later on, you will understand why they were placed there, but I will keep this as a surprise for you by-and-by.

The soft, golden hair of my wig once grew on the head of a pretty little girl. It was the delight of her mother, but she was a poor widow, — very poor, — and one cold winter night there was nothing in the house to eat. The little girl went supperless to bed while the mother sat weeping and thinking of how she might earn a little money.

"I will take my darling to the hair store to-morrow," she said to herself. "I believe the owner of the store will pay me well for those beautiful golden curls. Ah me! I dread to have her lose them, but

she must have food, and in time the curls will grow again."

Early the next morning the mother and child left their dingy home, and went to the store, where the owner was glad to get such fine hair, of the color of the sunlight. But when the mother looked at the falling curls, and then at the shaven head of her little daughter, she began to weep anew. It is a sad thing indeed to be as poor as that woman. Well, well! perhaps she is happier now, so we may as well take all the pleasure possible in my beauty.

The wig was the last thing added after the other parts of my body had been neatly sewed together, the different weights and machines had been set in place, and my face had received the last touch of paint that was needed.

You would have enjoyed watching to see how delicately my eyebrows were shaded, and my lips made a brilliant red. You would have wished to kiss them before they were dry. Not a drop of paint was allowed to fall on my pearly teeth, which always show the tiniest bit, as though I were getting ready to laugh. It must be admitted that, with all my beauty, I cannot change my expression.

Week in and week out I smile and keep on smil-

ing, so that sometimes, when my little mistress is cross and sulky, she exclaims, "Viola May, I do wish you would stop looking pleasant. I am tired as can be of that everlasting smile."

It isn't very kind of her to say such things, but she is an only child, and people say that she has been spoiled, so it is foolish to have hard feelings against her.

But let us go back again to Paris. When the finishing touch had been given to my beauty, I was shown to the man who owned me. His whole business was in dolls, thousands of which he sold every year. He looked me over from the top of my head down to the ends of my tiny kid toes.

"Perfect!" he exclaimed. "I never had a handsomer doll turned out by my workmen. She must have a wardrobe that is in keeping with her beauty."

Turning to one of his clerks, he gave an order to have me sent to a place where dolls' dressmaking is done. There, in a large room, numbers of women were busy sewing on the dearest and tiniest of garments, and all of them for dolls. One of the women opened the box in which I had been brought.

"Oh-h-h!" she exclaimed, "here is a perfect beauty!"

At this the other workers jumped up and gathered around her.

"Such eyes!" said one.

"And such a graceful shape!" declared another.

"The fashions must be carefully studied in making her garments, and the fitting must be done by the best dressmaker among us," said a third.

"A bride she must be, and her trousseau shall put many a real bride to shame," said a fourth.

French people, as you probably know, are very earnest and excitable in their manners, and that morning those women made as much fuss over me as you might if you were entertaining the Queen of Holland or the President of the United States.

Soon, however, they set to work, first planning my dainty underwear; the number of pairs of silk stockings I must have, the gowns for morning, afternoon, and evening, with gloves and shoes and handbags to match, as well as hats and bonnets, parasols and handkerchiefs. Do you wonder now that I introduced myself to you as a very queen among dolls?

After a week my life in the dressmaking rooms became rather tiresome. From morning until night I was fitted into one suit after another. Different shades of pink and greens and blues were held up



to my face continually to see if they were "becoming," while hats were tipped forward and back on my head, bent this way and that, to make them appear as stylish as possible.

There were many beautiful gowns. One, of the finest muslin, was trimmed with row after row of "real" lace. The muslin itself had been brought from India. Another dress, of silver-spangled net over pink silk, was a dream of beauty. But among them all there was none in which I looked quite so beautiful as in my wedding robe of white satin, embroidered with pearls. It had a long train, and when it was tried on for the last time, and the bridal veil arranged in soft folds over my head and shoulders, I was set upon the table for everyone to admire.

Never, they all agreed, had they ever done such fine work before, and never had any doll received by them deserved it so much. With many a sigh they packed away the beautiful garments, and among soft wrappings I, too, was placed in the box which was to be my home during the long journey to America.

There is little about the voyage that I can tell you. My beautiful violet eyes did not even get a glimpse of the blue ocean, nor did my fair cheeks feel the



refreshing breezes that brought roses into the cheeks of many of the people on board. The band played daily; feasts were served in the dining-room; the merry voices of children were heard constantly as they tripped past me; yet there was no one of all that gay company who knew anything about me, the beautiful Viola May, shut up in a big box among hundreds of others in the cargo.

The day came when there seemed to be great excitement on board. There was hurrying to and fro, and the sound of eager voices. Then the ship became quiet and the throb of the big engines could no longer be felt. We had entered the harbor of New York, and were at the dock.

Not long afterwards I found myself in an immense store, and its owner, lifting the cover of my box and letting in the daylight, stood gazing at me for a minute.

"With such a wardrobe as hers," he remarked to one of his clerks, "that doll cannot be sold for one cent less than two hundred dollars. Put on a tag and place her in the big show-case."

"It will be the child of some millionaire that gets her," said the clerk, as he carried me away.

The Christmas holidays were drawing near and

the store was crowded with people from morning till night. The faces of the children were eager and happy as they looked at the wonderful sights about them. Toys! Toys! Toys! Doll-houses, and stoves big enough to cook dinner for a party of little folks; brass bedsteads and baby-carriages, dining tables that could be stretched out long enough to seat twenty dolls, magic lanterns, and music boxes.

Everything possible to make the time pass merrily for the little folks was to be seen there. It was really as wonderful a toy store as any in Paris, and that is saying a great deal. Some of the people who visited the store had plenty of money to spend and were not obliged to count the cost of what they bought. But there were others who seemed to think a long time before they decided. Everyone who passed the glass case in which I was standing stopped to exclaim at the wonderful sight.

Many a little girl clutched her mother's arm, saying, "O how I wish that doll could be mine! If I am very, very good, perhaps Santa Claus will bring me one like her some day."

Then the mother, with a sigh, would answer, "That doll, my dear, will be on the Christmas tree of some very rich child." Or perhaps she would say, "Santa

Claus does not have time to make many dolls like that, for the year is very short."

Time passed by, and as yet no one seemed to think of buying me. The tag which had been fastened to me told of so high a price that it seemed to scare away the thought of a purchase.

The day before Christmas arrived, and late that afternoon a gentleman in a fur coat and a lady in sealskins and diamonds stopped in front of me. A salesman was with them.

"Here," said he, "is the most wonderful doll in this country. Notice the charm of the face, the beauty of the hair, and the grace of the figure. But these are not all of the things that make her of so much value. She walks, talks, and sings. Madam," he continued, turning to the lady, "shall I show you what she can do?"

The lady nodded. The man lifted me carefully from the show-case, and carried me into a small side room. The lady and gentleman followed. The man set me down on the floor and touched a spring in my body. And lo! I began to walk as easily as though it was the nature of dolls to walk.

"First rate," said the gentleman, speaking for the first time. "Now, let us hear the doll talk and sing.

I have heard that Edison's wonderful invention, the phonograph, has been used in high-priced dolls, but this is the first chance that I have had to see how it works."

My walk had come to an end by this time. The man bent over me, and, moving another spring, I began to sing a lovely song. Now you understand at last why the different little machines had been set up inside me among the cork shavings. It was that I might astonish the world of children with my easy gait and my sweet voice. Not many years ago they thought it very wonderful to hear a doll say "Mamma," with a squeak, and to have its eyes close when it was laid down. But to walk as I can walk, and to sing as I can sing, and to speak words as plainly as a human being, — such powers belong to few dolls in the world, and I, Viola May, am the queen of all, as I have already told you.

"Two hundred dollars is a big price to pay for a doll, but it will please Rosalind," said the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"The doll's wardrobe is elegant, and you know how hard it has been for Rosalind to stay in the house a whole month on account of the measles," was the answer. "I promised the child that she



should have a surprise waiting for her on Christmas day. Let's get the doll."

"Very well, I will make out the check for the amount. Be sure it is well packed," said the gentleman, turning to the clerk.

Then the address was written down, and the lady and her husband went away. A few hours afterwards I found myself in the elegant home of the people who had bought me. It was evening, and they were busy decorating the most gorgeous of Christmas trees. Attendants were flying in and out, doing the bidding of their master and mistress.

"Rosalind was a dear child to go to bed early without fussing," remarked the mother, as she lifted me out of the box in which I came. "What a delighted little girl she will be with this treasure of a doll."

"Where shall we place it? It is altogether too large to put on the tree."

"Let her sit on a little throne beneath it," was the answer. "We will finish trimming the tree and hanging all the little gifts, before we fix her in her place."

Every minute the tree was growing more beautiful. Gold and silver stars, tiny balloons, horns of candy,



ornaments in the shapes and colors of the loveliest birds, dozens and dozens of tiny candles, — all these and many more things were fast making the tree dazzling to look upon. Then came the gifts, so many that it would be a hard task to count them, for not only Rosalind was to be remembered, but a number of her small cousins, who had been invited to spend Christmas day with her.

Last of all, a little throne was made for me, under the heavily laden branches, and I was set up in state. Then Rosalind's parents and their attendants went away, leaving me to spend the night alone in my new surroundings.

For a long time next morning, while the door-bell kept ringing and the voices of happy people were calling, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" outside my door, no one entered, although the knob was often turned.

It seems that the master of the house had locked it the night before, to prevent anyone seeing the splendor of the tree and of myself until the right time should come. At last, when the bell had stopped ringing, a strange-looking figure entered very softly, turned the key behind him, and after pulling down the window-shades and drawing together the heavy

draperies, began to light the candles. Somehow or other this strange being was like Rosalind's father, and yet how different! His hair and beard were long and white, his cheeks were painted a rosy red, and he was dressed in a long velvet robe embroidered with fur.

He danced about as happy as a child, and when the last candle had been lighted, he turned to me, and making a little bow, said, "Viola May, you won't be lonely much longer."

It was the first time that my name had been spoken. A minute afterwards, the doors were flung open and in trooped a merry company of children.

"Santa Claus! Dear old Santa Claus!" they shouted. Then the tree burst upon them in all its beauty, and then, then, then, — they saw *me*, Viola May, sitting in my bridal dress, on my throne beneath the branches.

Well! it would be impossible to tell you of the happiness that morning, of the numberless gifts that Santa Claus handed to the bright-eyed children, — books and games, gold rings and toy kitchens, china tea-sets and baby-carriages; and then the dolls, — every girl in the party had one at least.

There was a colored mammy, holding a white baby

in long clothes; there was Topsy, a little pickaninny; there was a soldier boy, and a sailor laddie; there were child-dolls and young-lady dolls. They were all nice, every one of them; but when Santa Claus bent down and drew me forth from my throne, and set me walking across the floor, with the long train trailing after me, and *then*, when I began to sing, everything else was forgotten.

No one needed to be told that I was for Rosalind. What a fortunate child she is! said the faces of the others. We must have made a pretty picture, we two, as she sat down with me upon a low couch. She is a pretty child, with dark brown eyes and hair, and a pearly skin. She was all in white like myself, and long curls fell down over her shoulders.

She was still sighing with delight at my beauty, when her father (he had thrown off his mask of Santa Claus by this time) said, "You haven't looked at Viola May's wardrobe yet. See! two trunksful, and everything in them showing the latest styles from Paris."

With these words he lifted the lids, and then you may believe that there was excitement among those children. Everyone gathered around us, while Rosalind lifted out the dainty dresses, with hats and shoes

to match, the scarlet opera cloak lined with white satin, the muff and stole for winter, the fans and handkerchiefs, the silver-backed comb and brush, the powder puff and box of powder. I had better stop right here, for fear that you may become envious of Rosalind's good fortune.

My little mistress spent nearly all the rest of the day trying on my different costumes, and making me sing and talk. But when, after the big Christmas dinner, which was not served till six o'clock and lasted till nine, she lay down to sleep in her elegant brass bedstead, she left me to spend the night alone in a big easy-chair, while clasped tightly in her arms was the little black pickaninny doll, in its cheap red calico gown.

This is surely a strange world, — and the children in it are even stranger still.







JOSEPHINE BRUCE

## VI

### THE KOREAN DOLL

I AM the queerest kind of a doll that you ever heard of. The Daughter of Wang, my little mistress, made me herself. Poor child! she has no name of her own except the pet ones given her by her mother. She must always be the Daughter of Wang, and only that, until she is old enough to get married. That won't be very long, probably, for Koreans are considered grown-up when they are twelve or thirteen years old.

Then the Daughter of Wang will become the Wife of So-and-so, and by-and-by, if she ever has a son, she will be the Mother of somebody else. But all this has nothing to do with me, the child of her heart, at present.

One day she was playing with some other little girls, and every one of them had a doll except herself. She had owned several, but they were now quite worn out. So what was she to do? She wanted to be a little mother to something, so she decided to make a doll-child for herself.

She ran out into the bamboo thicket behind her house and cut off one of the thick stems. She didn't need all of it, — it was too long. A few inches would be enough, for she wished only a small doll to-day. She cut it down to the right size, and into one end of it she stuck a quantity of long, soft grass for the hair. Next she pasted on some white powder for a face, and lo! I was finished.

“No eyes, no nose, no mouth!” you exclaim. Quite true! The Daughter of Wang did not consider them necessary, so she gave me none. But she did not leave me naked. O no! She busied herself with making me some clothes that should be as much as possible like her own.

There must be a skirt of pale-blue silk, very pretty and made very, very full, so that it stood out around my body like an open umbrella. Then there was a red bodice which the mother of my little mistress helped her in making. When it had been fastened about my waist it was tied with ribbons on the left side, in the very same way that the Daughter of Wang had hers tied. You would doubtless not call me pretty, but according to Korean taste I was well dressed, and that makes up for a good deal, doesn't it?

My toilet wasn't finished yet, however, for my little mistress looked at my hair and sighed.

"It must be done up, of course," she said. She searched about among her playthings till she found a piece of gilt wire, which she twisted and bent into a fancy pin, with which she fastened my hair into a knot on the top of my head.

"My dolly dear," she whispered, "you are now as fine as any lady in the land. But you must have a fan. Of course you must have a fan."

It would seem strange to forget this when all the men, women, and children of Korea carry fans in the summer time, wherever they go. And such beautiful ones, too, that when they are held up against the sunlight they look like pieces of stained glass.

Once more the Daughter of Wang ran to ask help of her mother.

"My most gracious mother," she said, "will you give me a tiny, tiny piece of colored paper, — blue, for that is the color of my doll's skirt?"

The mother smiled, and going to a lacquered cabinet, much like those seen in Japan, she drew forth just what her little daughter wished for. Then the paper was soaked in oil and waved in the sunlight, so that



when it dried it would shine with all the colors of the rainbow.

The Daughter of Wang played house with me while she was waiting for the paper to dry, but at last it was ready and she bent it into shape. Having no hands of my own, I could not use it, but my little mistress waved it before me, saying, "It is warm to-day, my darling, and you must be cooled off."

The Daughter of Wang is a lovely child in her manner even though she has not as pretty a face as her little Japanese sister. Her skin is dark and her cheeks are rosy, so you can see that I do not look like her in the least. Her hair is as black as coal, but that is because her mother dyed it so, for Koreans think that jet-black hair is the only kind that is beautiful.

We have many quiet, happy days together, for now that Kim, the brother of my little mistress, is seven years old, he seldom comes to the part of the house given up to his mother and sister. O no! He eats with his father, and spends the evening with him and his men friends. Indeed, when by chance he runs into his mother's sitting-room, he is often hardly polite to her.

As for his sister, — why, sometimes he scarcely no-



tices her, he is so proud at the thought that he is fast becoming a man. The women and girls of Korea are not considered nearly so important as the men, and so Wang does not seem to care so much for his little daughter as for his son.

### PLAYING HOUSE

"Let's pretend that our dolls are babies," the Daughter of Wang said to two little friends who had come in to spend the morning with her.

"Then we can be the mothers," was the answer.

You would have laughed if you could have seen these children trying to fulfill their new duties, feeding us, putting us to sleep, and so on.

"My baby is very tired and needs a nap," my little mistress decided.

There was no cradle in which to put me, nor any chair in which to rock me. For the matter of that, the Daughter of Wang never had a cradle herself; neither she, nor her brother, nor any other child in that land. But there is a better way of putting babies to sleep than by rocking; at least, so the Koreans think.

My child-mother laid me down upon the bed and then began to pat the place where my stomach ought

to be. Pat, pat, — pat, pat, sounded the little brown hands. To-tak is the name my little mistress has for putting one to sleep. It is very comfortable and quieting, and it is no wonder the babies enjoy it and doze off so quickly.

As soon as we dolls had finished our nap, — it couldn't have lasted more than five minutes, — the children were quite sure that we must be very hungry. And besides, they wished us to grow fat. Everyone in Korea thinks it is the nicest thing in the world to be bursting with fatness.

“I have a table, my precious and honored mother, that you got my last doll,” said the Daughter of Wang. A minute afterwards she had brought it from the cupboard and set it before me. Such a tiny thing as it was; it reached just above my lap, as I sat on the tiger-skin spread out upon the floor. That is, it would have reached there if I had had knees, and they could have bent under me as the Daughter of Wang bends hers.

The next thing that the little girl did was to fetch a table-cloth. It wasn't real cloth, but something far better, — a tiny sheet of glazed paper made out of the bark of the mulberry tree.

“One, two, three dolls!” counted my little mistress.

"Then there must be three spoons, three sets of chopsticks, and three plates."

As she spoke, she set our places. "What can we give our dolls to eat?" asked one of the girls.

The Daughter of Wang looked up at her mother, who had entered the room a few minutes before.

"You may ask the cook for some rice and fish," said the lady. "Yes, and three cakes, one for each little girl."

"But the food is for our dollies, my precious mother," said her little daughter.

Her mother laughed. "I understand," she said.

A feast was soon spread before us. The good cook had added some cabbage to the other good things and the table was loaded.

"Eat, my child, eat," the children kept saying, and each time they would turn us over on their knees and pound us gently, to make more room in our stomachs.

The Wife of Wang smiled as she stood watching us.

"The very way in which I used to make it easier for you to eat when you were small," she said to her daughter, "and a good way it is, too."

It was not long before every crumb of food had disappeared from sight. You can easily guess where

it went, however, — not down the throats of us dolls. Of that you may be certain.

“Let’s go out-of-doors and make mud pies,” one of the girls suggested. Since there was nothing more to eat, she seemed to be tired of playing house any longer. The children jumped up at once.

“I’ll put my baby to bed first,” said the Daughter of Wang. “I’ll make believe that it is night and that she needs a long, long sleep.”

She lifted me tenderly and carried me over to her own bed in a corner of the room. A queer one it is, too! I shall probably never have one of my own, for it is made of bricks built up a little from the floor and covered over with many soft, downy quilts.

Just as the children were leaving the room, a queer sound was heard from under the bed.

“Mew! Mew! Mew!” That was the sound.

“O the dear little kitten!” cried my mistress. “She is running through the passage and I must go and let her out.”

You may wonder what sort of a passage this is, so you must be told that in our home, as well as in many others in Korea, there is a hollow space under the floors, lined with flat stones. Through this space passages are made, along which the hot air from

the furnace rushes, making the floors warm and comfortable in winter. This, then, is the way in which our house is heated.

The kitten must have found its way into one of these passages and was now crying to be let out.

"Good-by, dolly dear," said my child-mother, when a minute later, with the kitten in her arms, she ran out to make mud pies with her friends.

### THE WEDDING

"Let's have a wedding," said the Daughter of Wang. Her friend, the Daughter of Kim, had come to play with her, and the children were wondering what they should do.

"We will need all of our dolls, if we are to have a good wedding," was the answer. "Because, you know, we must have a nice procession. I have my boy doll here, but I'll run home and get the others."

A few minutes afterwards the Daughter of Wang was preparing me for the ceremony over in one corner of the room. Her back was turned toward her friend, who was getting the groom ready at the same time.

"The bride must not show the groom her face till after the wedding is over, you know," said my little



mistress, adding, however, "How very dreadful it would be if she should! I can't imagine such a thing, though."

As she talked away, she pulled down my hair and put it up all fresh, fastening it into shape with little pins. Now for the veil!

"I'll ask my beloved mother for a piece of lace or muslin," she said. "I know she will have something that will do."

"The very thing!" she exclaimed, as she held up a long strip of muslin her mother had given her. She fastened it on my head, from which it hung down over my face, hiding it completely from sight.

"Watch me," said the other little girl, as she tied up her bridegroom's hair into a topknot and perched a jaunty hat with flapping wings above it.

"We ought first to have the ceremony of downing the tuft for the bridegroom," remarked the Daughter of Wang thoughtfully. "It is very solemn, mamma tells me."

It seems that when a boy is about to be married, his hair, which has always been worn in a long braid down his back, is combed out and twisted into a topknot. It is a very important time in his life.

"Look at the bridegroom's white trousers," said her

friend, "and his lovely blue coat. I made them all myself one rainy day, when I had no one to play with."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the Daughter of Wang. "Are we ready for the wedding now?"

"Almost, — but dear me, we haven't a goose," was the answer in a sorrowful voice. "We can't have a wedding procession without a goose to be carried at the head. It stands for faithful love. The bride and groom may not be true to each other unless there is a goose."

"But let me think; I believe I have a china goose," said the Daughter of Wang.

After a search through the cabinet drawers where she kept her smaller toys, she found what she was looking for, — a tiny goose, with pink legs and feet. It had a wise look on its face, as if it knew what an important ceremony was about to take place.

"Are we ready now?" asked the Daughter of Kim.

"Of course not," said my mistress, "we haven't put the bride in her chair yet. Here it is."

The Daughter of Wang held up the dearest little palanquin you can imagine. It was the exact copy of those in which real people travel all over the coun-

try. It was a tiny box slung on poles, with a roof and sides covered with oiled paper. In the bottom of the box was a soft cushion for me to sit on. No one can possibly get a glimpse of anyone who is riding in one of these chairs when the curtains are drawn.

"We haven't dolls enough for the runners," remarked the Daughter of Kim. "We will need all we have for the rest of the procession."

"Never mind," was the answer. "We will push it along over the carpet ourselves."

Now for the start!

The children placed one of the dolls bearing the goose at the head of the procession. Then came the chair holding the bride,—myself, you know, dressed in my best clothes, and with my face hidden completely by the long veil.

Next came the rest of the dolls, except the bridegroom. He was waiting at the other end of the room, which was supposed to be the new home of the couple, till the procession should reach him.

When it arrived in his presence, what a time there was! First, the groom was made to bow, and then I, and then the groom again, and then I. I can't tell you how many times we had to bow before the

ceremony was finished, and my veil was taken off. For the first time the groom now looked upon his wife.

After this came the funniest part of the whole play. First one child and then the other asked me questions. They made believe, of course, that it was my friends, the dolls, who did it, and who were trying their best to make me talk. Brides in Korea certainly have a hard time of it, because for three or four days they mustn't speak, no matter how much they want to answer the questions that are asked of them.

At last the children could think of nothing more to ask. The Daughter of Wang then said, "Let's play witch. My doll will be sick and we will send for the witch to come to cure her."

This idea pleased her friends, and the children set to work to play the new game. My wedding dress was taken off, and a heavy quilted gown was put on in its place, for the Daughter of Wang said that they must pretend it was winter and I had a very bad cold. All this time her friend was changing her bridegroom into a witch in a long gown, and a hat with a bright red feather in it.

"She hasn't any knife, and she must have two of

them to whirl about while she is driving away the sickness," said the Daughter of Kim, when the dressing was finished.

"We can take small sticks," was the answer. "They will do very well, and there is no one here who can tell the difference."

"Good. Now, then, let's begin. I'll sing, and drum on this box, and make believe that it is the other dolls doing it, while you can make the witch dance and twirl the knives around the sick woman."

Such a noise as there was now! Such a queer wail of a song, such a drumming and dancing!

Faster and faster over the floor danced the witch in my mistress's hands, while the knives were whirled right and left. At last the witch sank upon the floor, tired out; the chant stopped, the drumming came to an end, and the Daughter of Wang said, "The woman is well. The fever is gone. The witch drove it away."

With these words she rolled over among the tiger-skins, tired out with her efforts.

"I wish," she said, thoughtfully, "my brother wasn't so big. When he was small, we used to have good times playing tiger-hunt. He has a big, lovely tiger. It is painted with stripes, and it moves on



wheels. He never lets me have it now, for he keeps it in his own rooms where I can never go."

"It makes me afraid even to think of hunting tigers," answered the Daughter of Kim. "But if I were a man, I would think it great sport. Such fierce, terrible creatures they are, though! Ugh! The shivers are running down my back as I talk. Come, let's go and play with our monkey, and teach him a new trick. He is so tame, he learns very fast."

As she spoke, the Daughter of Wang jumped up, and the two little girls ran into the garden where the monkey spends most of his time. But the poor creature is not free, for, except when the children are playing with him, he is shut up in his cage.

Well! Well! It is certainly more comfortable to be a Korean doll than a monkey, anyway.

## VII

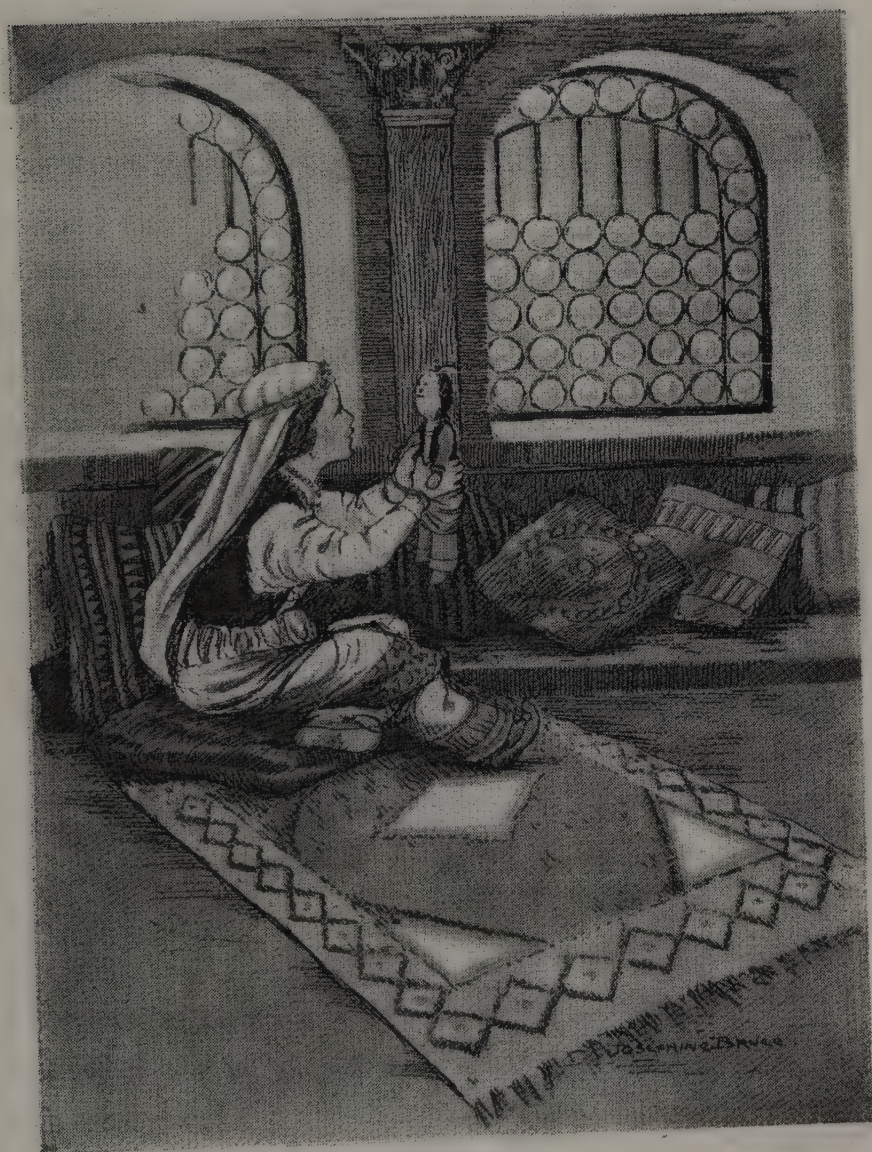
### THE PERSIAN DOLL

**D**O you like rag dolls? They are not very beautiful, to be sure, but they are soft and huggable, — not stiff and cold, like many a store doll of the western world which costs a deal of money. People say that in that wonderful land called America rag dolls, made in large factories, are sold in the stores, and very pretty they are, too.

That has nothing to do with me, however, for Manijeh's mother made me herself, while she was sitting one bright morning among the cushions in her own room. Under her gentle fingers I came into my present shape in the course of an hour or two.

“Not very graceful,” you would say, — that is, unless you were a little Persian girl like Manijeh, who doesn't consider such a foolish matter as that in her doll.

You could hardly tell whether I had any fingers or not, while my feet are little more than stumps. And my head! Please don't laugh when I tell you that my eyes, nose, and mouth are all crowded to-







gether in the upper part of my face in a most unnatural way, when you think how real folks look.

Have I hair, you ask. Ye-e-s, but so little that it can't tire my little mistress much to comb and arrange it.

Manijeh lay stretched on one of the beautiful rugs that only Persians know how to make, while her mother was making and dressing me. She is not what would be called a busy person, spending much of her time in idleness; yet she was so interested that morning in making her little daughter happy, that she did not stop when my body was made, but kept on sewing, until the only clothing that I shall ever have was finished and sewed tightly in place.

Never shall I have the pleasure of being undressed and put to bed like a real little girl. Never shall I have a trunkful of pretty dresses and cloaks. Every day and all days I will remain the same, — a home-made rag doll.

Don't pity me, please, nor think that I have so little because Manijeh does not love me. I am the darling of her heart. For hours of the day she plays with me and keeps me at her side, while at night she goes to sleep, holding me tightly clasped in her arms.

But dear me! You haven't heard yet how I look



in this one and only dress which I possess. In the first place, I was fitted to wide and very large trousers that reach to my feet. Manijeh's mother wears such trousers; so does Manijeh; and so, of course, do I, Rudabeh.

Then came a long silk skirt, and a little jacket that fits tightly around my waist. Manijeh wears on her own feet soft kid slippers with ivory soles, but her mother did not think it was necessary for me to have them. Perhaps it was because she knew that I could not stand alone, and that my dear little mistress would generally hold me.

The good lady was very kind to me in one way, however. She fairly loaded me with jewelry. I am much like the lady in the western child's Mother Goose Book:

“Rings on her fingers  
And bells on her toes,  
She shall have music  
Wherever she goes.”

As a matter of fact, there are bracelets on my wrists, a chain around my neck, and shining trinkets on my waist and in my hair.

Manijeh's long, black hair looks very beautiful, for

it is adorned with many golden ornaments set with gems that glitter in the sunlight. Her father can afford to buy them for her, as he is a very rich man. But when it comes to dolls, I am hardly more elegant than those of the poor peasants. Rag dolls are good enough for any child, so the Persians think. And, besides, only girls have dolls, and they, poor little creatures, are not considered of much importance except to their loving mothers.

Manijeh doesn't have many playthings, either; but one reason for this is, there is little furniture in the home to be copied. Did you ever stop to think that most toys are just copies of what big people have and use?

In Manijeh's home there are many rich and beautiful rugs, upon which the poor people of the country have spent weeks and even months in weaving, but there are no bedsteads, nor tables, nor sideboards; and as for a big, roomy armchair, in which Manijeh could curl up, she has never even heard of such a thing.

When she is ready for her night's sleep, the maid stretches a small mattress on the floor, a soft, downy pillow is set in place for her head, and when she has settled herself, she is covered over with a blanket; perhaps, if the weather is cold, a velvet or silk cover-

let is added. Since she has no bedstead, of course I have none. Neither have I a table on which toy dishes can be set out. Manijeh's food is set out before her on the floor, and so, too, is mine.

Sometimes my child-mother invites other little girls to visit her and have a party with their dolls. Then we have a fine feast. There are raisins, of course, besides wonderful little cakes of different shapes, and the richest of sweetmeats. There is probably a dish of cold rice which has been cooked in sugar and milk; perhaps, also, baked apples stuffed with minced chicken; of course, there are red peppers, of which Manijeh is as fond as she is of sweetmeats.

Now, if by chance you were to be invited to our party, your eyes would open wide at the queer plates that are used. These plates serve also as napkins. Big folks as well as little, and doll children, too, all use the same kind, and they *never* have to be washed, for they are used but once, and then eaten up!

Then they cannot be made of silver, or glass, or china, you say. No, for they are a part of the feast itself and are simply big pan-cakes made of wheat-dough. When everything is ready, each little girl sits down on her heels before one of these queer plates, with her doll child beside her.

"But there are neither knives nor forks," you exclaim.

Don't be troubled on that account. If you watch Manijeh, you will see how daintily she breaks off a bit of her bread-plate (it is well baked and quite hard) and uses it in bringing up the food to my mouth. Not a grain of rice does she drop on the cloth during the whole meal.

When the last raisin and sweetmeat have disappeared, — you can guess where, — the maid brings in sweet drinks of delicious flavors, with which to finish the feast.

The cloth is carried away and the children are left free to play games or to tell stories. Manijeh loves the stories her mother tells her of the Persia of long ago. But best of all are the tales of fairies and other wonderful beings of whom she sometimes dreams at night. Poor little girl! She can't read these stories for herself, nor can she play school with me.

Although she is nine years old she has never been to school. Worse still, you will say, when you hear that she never will go. But she doesn't think so. Boys must go, of course, she would tell you. When they grow up, they must go out into the world and



engage in business. So they must study the big books that look so tiresome.

The women and children stay at home, and, unless they are very poor, pass their days dancing and singing, making themselves look beautiful with jewels and rich silks, or perhaps doing a little embroidery.

"A fine way to spend one's days," thinks Manijeh. Indeed, she and her mother never seem to long for the freedom which the men have in going where they please.

One morning, as Manijeh and I were having a cozy time among the cushions by the grated window, she looked out and spied two donkeys carrying a litter.

"The curtains are drawn close," she said half aloud. She continued, "A lady is probably inside the litter. Maybe she is going to make a visit to some friend. My precious Rudabeh, I will play that you are a lady and are going to make a visit. But you have no veil or cloak, and ladies cannot go out-doors without them. That would be impossible. I will make you a veil and a cloak at once."

My dear little mistress was learning to sew very nicely, so, with her mother's help, I was soon made ready for my journey. Think of it! I had never been out-doors before in my whole life of three long



weeks. Was I really going to see the world, or was Manijeh only making believe?

Alas! this was all, for when I had been wrapped in the cloak, and the veil had been fastened tightly in place, my mistress, holding me in her loving arms, carried me out of the house, but only to enter the garden which was surrounded by such high walls that it was impossible to get even a glimpse into the street beyond. But, after all, the garden was so charming that no one would care to look at anything else.

“Roses, roses, beautiful as day.” Yes, and more beautiful still, if that could be possible. The vines were trained up on trellises as high as the house itself. If I were not a doll and could count as real people do, I should say that there must have been thousands of roses in bloom there that morning.

It is too bad that I cannot smell, because I know the air must have been very sweet, as Manijeh kept drawing in long sniffs of delight. After she had wandered about in and out among the roses, my little mistress carried me over to the melon beds in the corner of the garden.

Those of you who live in the western world cannot dream how delicious these melons are till you have visited Manijeh and me in our Persian home. The

vines were fairly loaded with them, and my little mistress had no trouble in finding a large, ripe one.

"I shall share this with you, my dolly dear," she declared, as she broke it open.

How luscious and juicy it was! It was really a pity that I could not taste it; but since it is the fate of dolls that they cannot be made that way, nobody need be troubled about it. After the melon had been eaten, Manijeh picked rosebuds and made a girdle of them, which she fastened about my waist. And now a sound of sweet music came from the casement above us.

"The hired players have come to entertain my mother," said Manijeh, and she hurried with me into the house.

#### A BABY BROTHER

Not long ago, Manijeh had a great surprise. There was a brand-new baby brother in the home. Such a fuss was made over him, and just because he was a boy! When Manijeh was born, so the nursemaid was saying, her solemn, silent father didn't seem the least bit pleased. He was more solemn and silent than ever, and when he came into the room to look at the new baby, he actually scowled.

But now, how different he seemed to feel! Then,

after the boy's head had been carefully shaved, he was christened with great ceremony.

One day soon afterwards, Manijeh said to me, "Rudabeh, I am going to make a boy-doll so that you can have a baby, and be a little mother."

She was soon busy cutting the shape of the new doll out of a piece of cloth. It must be confessed that it was not as good as mine, but you must remember that Manijeh is only a little girl; so one mustn't expect too much of her. Besides, as long as it was to be a baby, the shape didn't matter much, as it was to be bundled up very tightly. But you will understand this better by and by.

All sorts of odds and ends were used for the stuffing, which Manijeh did very well with the help of the nursemaid. She sighed with pleasure when the last stitch was taken and she held it off to admire her work.

Well! it was a doll baby, because she said so. That was the only way of knowing it.

"Now you must be wrapped up, baby dear," she said, after she had whispered some words into its ear. I can't tell you what the words were, except that they are always whispered to a new-born baby in Persia, and show the faith of its parents.

Taking a long strip of cloth, Manijeh now began to wrap up the doll. She began at the place where the neck ought to be; then she passed it around and around the body till it looked like a bundle of dry-goods with a head sticking out.

After Manijeh's brother was born, he was bundled up in the same way, and he is still bundled up most of the time. He can't stretch and kick about as the babies of other lands, so you might think that he would cry and be unhappy about it, but he takes it as a matter of course.

Now you can understand why my doll baby was bundled up.

"Rudabeh, we must have a christening." My little mistress was very solemn as she said this. "Let me think of a good name for your new baby."

Manijeh's black eyes looked dreamy as she sat thinking.

"Ah! I know. We will call your child Zal. It is a good name," she said at last.

"There must be a feast, of course. A sheep must be killed and a rich broth made for the guests out of its flesh. Oh! what a rejoicing there will be."

As Manijeh sat planning, the maid came in to tell her it was time to go to the bathhouse. She is always



glad to hear this, for she has a great deal of fun there. She meets her little friends and their mothers, and they stay a long time, eating candy, and playing, and telling stories, — yes, and even smoking.

One day, when her little friends came to visit her, bringing their dolls, they played that they were giving us baths. They rubbed and scrubbed us; they pretended to throw pails of water over us, and to soap us from head to foot. Then they bent every part of us.

“That is to make you graceful, my dolly dear,” Manijeh whispered to me.

Last of all, the children dropped us into a deep box, which they made believe was a tank of water. It was such fun that I do not wonder the children of Persia are so fond of bathing.

A few days after Zal’s christening, Manijeh pretended that he was old enough to go to school.

“Poor child!” she said. “How much harder it is to be a boy than a girl! So many lessons to learn! Whippings, too, on the soles of your feet, if you are naughty! Dear me, I am so glad that I am a girl. Aren’t you, Rudabeh?”

She bent my head over for yes, and then business began. Zal was set up on the floor and his bandage



was taken off. Then Manijeh bent his body backward and forward, while she shouted some verses in a loud voice. Zal was learning his lessons very busily. You must know that in Persia the boys do all their studying out loud.

Woe to them if they become quiet, for the school-master is watching, and his whip may come down on the tender feet very suddenly. When Manijeh became tired of playing school, she carried Zal off to another corner of the room, where she said that he was to learn gymnastics and horseback riding, and all the other things in which a boy must be trained, and of which she had heard wonderful stories.

"As for you and me, Rudabeh," she said, "we will lie down among the cushions and have a comfortable nap till dinner-time."

My little mistress leads an easy life, without doubt. She seems quite content with me, too, ugly as I might seem beside the doll-beauties of France. If she were to see one of them with their golden curls and trunksful of rich garments, would I be dear to her any longer? Yes, yes; her love does not depend on a beautiful face and fine clothes. It lies far too deep in her heart for that.





## VIII

### THE EGYPTIAN DOLL

**H**OW many birthdays have you seen? Eight, nine, ten, possibly, and you proudly hold up your head as you think how old you are. But you have a grandmother, or perchance a great-grandmother of eighty or ninety years. How aged, you say, and it seems to you that they must be very, very wise to have lived so long.

Then what will you say when I tell you that I am *four thousand years* old. Yes, it is true, and strange to say, I look scarcely any different from the way I did in those old and happy days when my little mistress played with me on the banks of the Nile in sunny Egypt.

At present I am living in the great British Museum in London. Here, from within my glass case, I look out at the people who come to see me from all over the world. All day long these people come flocking into the room, big people and little, men, women, girls, and even boys stop in front of me, and, bend-

ing over, read the card which tells a little of my story.

“Think of it!” they exclaim to one another; “this queer doll was found beside its little mistress in a tomb in Egypt that had been sealed nearly four thousand years.”

At this, some of them laugh. They are probably thinking how very young and babyfied they are beside me. Ah, how many things have happened while I lay shut up in the darkness and quiet of that tomb! Many a great war has been fought; many a proud race has risen to power and then died away; many a country has been built over with beautiful cities not one of which is left to-day; while I, a simple little wooden doll, am still to be seen.

Dear, dear me! How long it seems since the loving arms of my little brown-skinned mistress held me fondly clasped against her heart! There is no one to-day to whisper sweet words to me, no one to call me “baby dear,” or say, “little doll-child, how I love you!” No, people care for me only because I am a curiosity, and have lasted so long, when other things have passed away.

Doesn't it seem rather cruel that after all these years I should be taken away from the side of my



child-mother? When she died, her body was made into a mummy. You know what that is, don't you? If you have ever visited big museums like those in Boston, New York, or London, you have seen mummies in glass cases. As you looked at them, your mother or some older friend probably told you that these mummies were brought from Egypt, and that they are the bodies of people who lived long ago and were preserved in a wonderful manner.

It may be, though, you don't know that only the rich people of Egypt could afford to be made into mummies, for it cost a great deal of money. My little mistress, as it happened, was the child of very rich people; so, when she died, they gladly spent a large sum of money in having her body preserved.

Why did they do this? And why was I, the doll she loved so dearly, placed beside her in the tomb? It was because of the queer belief of the people of that time. They said, "Everyone who dies is beginning a long, long journey, and when the journey is over he or she will need the body again."

For these reasons the parents of my little mistress said, "Our child will wish the company of her doll on this long journey. Since she loves it so dearly, she will also wish it to come back to its body at the

end of its travels with her. We will therefore place the doll in the folds of the cloths in which her body is to be wrapped. How glad she will be to find it when she comes back."

You shake your head and laugh at such an idea, for you are wiser than the people of long-ago in Egypt. But, at any rate, you understand why I am here to tell my story.

Did you ever see hair like mine? "Not hair at all," you exclaim; it is just strings of beads fastened on the head and hanging down around it. Yet my child-mother liked it and thought that it was very pretty, though why I wasn't given some real hair I really can't say.

Then you cry out that I have no feet. Really, you find a great deal of fault. I never had any feet, because I didn't need them. My body was generally wrapped up in many strips of cloth, and my mistress did not care about dressing or undressing me. She liked best to cuddle me in her arms, as she sang me to sleep, or took me walking with her.

We lived together on the banks of the Nile, and when she was playing house with me she could look off at any time at the great Pyramids, and the Sphinx, reaching high up into the air above the desert sands.

The Nile is a most wonderful river, and my little mistress was taught to believe that it was the home of a great being, a kind of God. Far to the south of us the river had its beginning, but where, not one person in all Egypt could say. For this reason, it seemed more wonderful still.

Once every year the waters rose; day after day they came nearer the tops of the banks, till at last they flowed over the sandy shores on either side. Then there was a great rejoicing in all the land. Prayers were made to the river-god, feasts were given, and songs sung. At this time the sober faces of my child-mother and her parents beamed with happiness, for the desert lands could now be planted with rich crops and there would be plenty for the year to come.

Many a time has my little mistress, holding me tightly in her arms, walked along the river-banks, watching for the heads of wicked crocodiles to appear above the water. Ugly-looking creatures they were, too, with their mouths stretched wide open to devour their prey.

Among her toys, my mistress had a crocodile-doll, but I could never understand why she cared for it. Perhaps it was because it could open and shut its

big mouth. But of course she did not love it as she did me.

One of the children who came to play with us had a bronze doll with joints that the little girl could bend in different directions, and still another had one that was painted in bright colors. She could move its arms and legs by simply pulling strings that were fastened to them.

Sometimes my child-mother would look longingly at those other dolls, but afterwards she would turn back to me, quite satisfied. It isn't beauty that makes love grow, after all. What is it? Can anyone say?

My mistress often left me for a game of ball with her playmates, or perhaps she would lay me down beside her while she listened to stories of hunts after crocodiles or the clumsy hippopotamus, which her brother would tell her.

The years filled with play and study passed quietly with her. Then, all too soon, came the day when my child-mother could hold me in her arms no longer, and I was left with no one to love me for forty long centuries.

Is there no one among all the little girls of to-day who is willing to forget how ugly I am, and will love me for the sake of the long ago?







## IX

### RIPPLING WATER, THE INDIAN DOLL

**Y**OU might not think me beautiful, but that does not matter, for Bright Smile, my mistress, has always been satisfied, and that is quite enough. She is no longer a little girl, but now that she is grown up, and lives in a real house upon the reservation which the white men gave to her people, she still keeps me to remind her of the old, free days.

Then it was that her home in the wild western country was in a tepee, which was pitched now in one place, now in another, wherever Bright Smile's father might wish. A very long time ago, twenty years perhaps, my mistress, then a little girl, was feeling lonely. She wished to play "mother" and she had no doll-child.

There was no store where she could buy one, but she was not troubled, for when she wished for toys, she knew how to get them without asking father or mother for the money to buy them. There was a better way than that,—she could make them for herself.

So, now that her heart cried out, saying, "A doll-child to love! A doll-child to love!" she thought for a while, and then, springing up from the mat where she was squatting, she ran out of the tepee and over to a clump of trees that stood nearby. She searched about on the ground until she found a knot of half-decayed wood. One end was small and round and almost separated from the rest of the knot.

"That part will be the head of my dolly," Bright Smile said, half aloud, as she picked up the knot and brought it back home.

And that knot became changed in a very short time into me, Rippling Water, an Indian doll. First of all, Bright Smile begged some bits of fur from her mother, and these she wound about my body for a dress. Next, she scraped my head smooth, and with the help of her mother's paint-pots, gave me eyes, nose, and a mouth, besides decorating my face with long lines of red and yellow, which, of course, added much to my beauty.

How lovingly Bright Smile now held me in her arms, calling me many sweet and tender names, and singing to me the very lullaby her mother sang to her when she was a baby!

From that time she had many happy hours with

me. Strapped to her back, in true Indian fashion, I went about with her everywhere, as she helped her mother with the cares of the tepee. She picked berries in their season, and gathered grasses in the autumn for the beautiful baskets which she would weave during the cold days of the long winter.

When the work was done, she played "tepee" with me, and pretended to have feasts and dances just as the grown-ups among her people do. When I was only a day old she held me out before her and sighed.

"Rippling Water, you have no hair. I must make you more like a real child of the red people."

She jumped up, ran out of the tepee, and after a few minutes came back with a sharp-pointed stick. With this she began to make holes all over my head. Perhaps you may think that this hurt me badly, but, strange to say, it didn't trouble me in the least.

When Bright Smile had made all the holes she thought were necessary, she left me again. This time she was gone for an hour or two, and when she returned she held a bunch of horse-hairs in her hand.

"There, now!" she declared, holding them up to her mother. "Rippling Water shall be beautiful; yes, very beautiful."



“Ugh!” grunted the mother, looking up from the mat which she was weaving. “Good doll.”

The little girl’s fingers worked fast, and in a few minutes the hair had been fastened in its place. It hung down long behind my back, and in front was cut off short and even across my forehead.

“Long, long time ago, my daughter, when I was a little girl, I put the hair of the bison on my dolls’ heads. Then the bison lived on the great plain beyond us,” said the little girl’s mother, as she watched Bright Smile at her work. “Many bison! The ground was black with them as they moved along in great herds. In those days they furnished the red men much to eat, and there was a plenty of skins for the tepees and clothing. Now the white men own the land,—bison all gone, yes, all gone; instead, big cars, that shake the earth like thunder, travel over it. Yes, the good old days are gone with the bison.”

Bright Smile felt very sorry for her mother. She had never seen the great herds of bison of which she had heard her father and his friends tell stories. But at present, she was more interested in me, her doll-child. Now that I had a head of hair she was pleased, but she was not satisfied yet.

“You must have a tepee to live in like us red chil-



dren," she whispered to a spot on the side of my head which she had painted to represent an ear. Then, turning to her mother, she begged for some more bits of fur.

"In the basket over in that corner are some pieces of wolfskin. You may have them," was the answer.

Bright Smile soon had the bits of skin spread out before her. She wrinkled her forehead in deep thought as she counted the number of pieces it would take for the sides and door of the tepee, and measured me to see how high it must stand. With a sharp knife she cut the bits into the right shape and sewed them together with the fur on the inside.

So the morning passed with hardly a word spoken, for both the woman and child were too busy to talk. At last the great work was done, and Bright Smile proceeded to set up some stakes for the framework of the tepee.

"Leave a good hole, like this one, in the top, for smoke to go out," directed her mother, pointing to the open space over the fireplace.

"Look, mother!" was the answer.

"That is right, my daughter, and you have made a flap with which to cover the hole when it rains.

Good! When you grow up you will make a good wife for some red man."

She sighed as she spoke.

"What is it, mother?" asked Bright Smile.

"By and by, my child, there will be no more tepees for our people to live in. The white men say, 'Live like us,' and they show us houses all wood, and very tight. The good air is all shut out from them, and yet the white people say, 'These are better, much better, than red men's tepees.' The red men listen and copy the white men who now own all the country. But I like the tepee."

"Rippling Water shall always live in a tepee," declared Bright Smile, looking at her work with great pride.

With these words she piled up some twigs in a corner of my new home, covered them with a scrap of fur, and placing me on this comfortable bed, she went to pick berries with her girl friends who were calling her.

Early the next morning she came for me.

"You must have a bath," she said. "The water is cold, but the sun shines brightly. Come, dolly, get up."

She lifted me and took off the fur which she

had wrapped about me for a robe. A rather queer-looking creature I was then, to be sure! If it had not been for the horse-hair which she had knotted into my head, it would have been hard for a white child to guess that I was a dolly at all.

Now for a run to the brook, and a plunge into the water, after which came a sun-bath on the bank; then I was ready for the day's play.

"Ugh!" grunted Bright Smile's little neighbor, as she saw me lying there. "My doll is better than yours, for my doll has feet."

"Oh-h-h!" Bright Smile spoke slowly. Then she added, "Let me see your doll."

Her friend ran home and soon came back with a very ugly doll, — not nearly so beautiful as myself. It was all of clay from top to toe. Yes, it had not only arms, but feet.

"It will break if you drop it. Then you will have no doll," said Bright Smile.

"But I can easily make another," was the answer.

"I want to keep my dolly a long time; yes, till I am a big squaw." Bright Smile spoke in a very soft voice for an Indian child, and hugged me as she did so.

"And Rippling Water will not break if I drop

her," she said; "she is safe. I'll tell you what I will do," she added after a moment. "I'll make a clay doll, too. It shall be a boy, and will go fighting and hunting and fishing, while Rippling Water shall stay at home with me all the time."

That very afternoon she sat down by her mother's side and made me a baby frame. "Sometimes," she said, "I will play that Rippling Water is very small and cannot walk. Then, of course, she must lie in her frame as I did when I was a baby."

She set to work after she had gathered what she needed. There was a smooth piece of wood for the bottom of the frame, a bit of birch bark which she could bend about for a footboard, and another for a hood which should shade my head.

Quickly these were put together, but the work was not done now, by any means. There must be straps to hold me in place, and these must be embroidered.

"It shall look just as mine did," Bright Smile told me, as she busied herself sorting out beads from a basket which her mother gave her.

"Red and yellow, — I like those best. And yes, — here are some which shine like the hailstones that come rattling down upon our tepee. How lovely the bands shall look!"

Patiently worked the little fingers, and the sun was already sinking before Bright Smile was ready to stop. But now her stern-looking father and wild-eyed brother appeared, and the little girl must gather wood for fire to cook the evening meal, for they were hungry after a long day's hunt.

### PLAYING TEPEE

Bright Smile's brother was sick in the corner of the tepee, and lay watching his sister play with me.

"Dolls no good! Ugh! Ugh!" he grunted in scorn. Bright Smile did not answer, but moved farther away into her own corner. She did not wish her big brother to see how much she cared for me.

By and by he grew restless, but did not feel able to join his boy friends who were playing ball outside.

"Get me some bark, Bright Smile," he said at last. "Then I'll make a canoe for your doll."

His sister's sober face broke into a smile. Only to think that this big brother, who jeered at the play-things which girls love, should offer to make her a toy canoe!

"Here, look," she said, taking some broad pieces of birch bark out of a big basket and holding them up.



"Yes, good! Bring them to me," he ordered.

Bright Smile did as she was bid, and then squatted beside her brother to watch him as he cut the bark into the right shape with his sharp knife, and then bent the sides together.

"Good knife," the boy muttered with pride, as he worked. "I gave the trader ten skins for it. Bright Smile, if you could hunt like me, and get skins, you might buy a white girl's doll with them. The trader had some in his pack, — blue eyes, yellow hair, arms and legs that could be bent any way, — just like white children," the man said.

"I only want Rippling Water, with hair like my own," was the answer. It was good that Bright Smile was satisfied with me and that I was pretty in her eyes.

The big brother worked steadily. He joined the side pieces of the canoe together, made a rim of strips of soft wood, and even fitted a comfortable seat inside. How neat and trim it was! Then the boy held up his work for his sister to admire.

"It is beautiful," she said, and in another minute had placed me in the tiny canoe, where I sat straight and stiff with pride.

"Now for the paddle," said the big brother. In

a moment he had fashioned it out of soft wood, and Bright Smile then fastened it to my side.

“Good brother, I will make you some moccasins when I get older,” she told him, as, holding me carefully in place in the tiny canoe, she ran out of the tepee and down the path to the brook, to give me my first ride in the water.

### THE NEW DOLL

“Rippling Water, you shall go with me to the clay pit, but you must hang in your baby frame while I work,” said my little mistress one morning. She was very proud of this baby frame, as her playmate, who had found fault with me the other day, did not have one for her doll.

Soon afterwards I was swinging from a birch tree, while Bright Smile dug in the clay.

“You are to have a brother, Rippling Water,” she told me, when she had filled her basket. “A clay brother, with feet to which I can fasten snowshoes, and who can go hunting with his bow and arrows.”

With the basket of clay in one hand, and me in my baby frame hanging from the other, she went to the brookside. Again I was hung up on the branch of a tree, while my mistress busied herself mixing the

clay with water and shaping the body of the new doll. Great care was used on the feet, for the doll must look able to walk and run, at any rate.

The baking came next. It must be hard to be a clay doll, for that cannot be pleasant. Bright Smile's mother helped her about this, for she knew just how hot the ashes must be before the doll was laid in them to dry and harden without cracking.

At last it was taken out and was ready for painting. The body was colored a dull red, to look as much as possible like the skin of the red people. Of course, the eyes were black, for who ever heard of an Indian who did not have black eyes? Some horse-hair was glued on the top of the head, and, last of all, a few feathers were added, to make the young warrior look very brave and noble.

If dolls could be jealous, I should be jealous of this one. Still, although Bright Smile seemed proud of my new brother, she didn't seem to love him as much as she did me.

The afternoon after he was finished, my little mistress took us and the toy tepee over to a shady spot by the brookside to play. Two of Bright Smile's friends joined us with their dolls, and the little girls were soon busily talking about what they should do.

"I am a squaw, and these are my two papooses," declared Bright Smile.

"By and by, White Cloud shall go hunting and shall bring home some bear-meat," she added.

As she spoke, she drew out from the folds of her jacket a toy bow and arrow which her brother had made for her.

Her friends looked at them with envy.

"And see, here are snowshoes, which he also made," Bright Smile added, holding up a pair made exactly like those the red men themselves use in traveling over the snowfields.

"Ugh, good brother! My brother is not like that. He laughs at my dolls," said one of the little girls.

"But this is a boy-doll, a brave, you know," Bright Smile answered.

And now the play began. I stayed at home in the tepee, while White Cloud was sent out to hunt. Rushes were put before me that I might weave a mat while he was away, though how I could be expected to do this without hands was hard to understand. Then, when a few minutes afterwards White Cloud was made to come back, bringing a dead bug on his back to represent a bear he was supposed to have killed, Bright Smile pretended to make a fire,



and hung over it a toy kettle which she had shaped out of clay.

A clay plate was also laid out, and the dead bug was placed upon it and White Cloud was called to the feast. Of course, I stood behind him, to serve him in true Indian fashion.

"Let's have Rippling Water sick," said one of the children, after a while. "My doll can be the medicine-man, and he can cure her."

This idea seemed to please everyone, and I was stretched out on my bed in the tepee, while all the other dolls the children had brought were set up in front of me. That is, all but one, — an ugly clay doll, which was to be the medicine-man. This one was brought last of all, and at its entrance the others were pushed aside to make room.

Then such a clatter began as only Indian children can make. The girls struck stones together, clapped their hands, groaned, and shouted. They pretended that the medicine-man doll was scaring away the evil spirits that had made me ill.

When they were tired out, Bright Smile bent over me, and, lifting me up, said, "My child is all well now. Good medicine-man!"

After this, the children put us dolls through a won-



derful dance, singing all the time a wild, strange song. By this time the sun had begun to sink behind the western mountains and Bright Smile cried out, "Rippling Water! White Cloud! come, we must hurry home, for the night is falling."

The toys were gathered up and the children scattered. But as Bright Smile hurried along, she held me tightly in her arms, as though I were very dear to her.

Now, in the strange new life which Bright Smile is living to-day, the life which the white men have taught her people, it is no wonder that she longs sometimes for the free days of her childhood. In that happy time, she stretched herself at night on her bed of skins in the tepee, and ate her simple meals squatting before the rough fireplace and watching the flames leap up toward the open space overhead.

Ah me, what a joyous, carefree child she was then! It is no wonder that she still keeps me to remind her of the days which will never return to her and her people.





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